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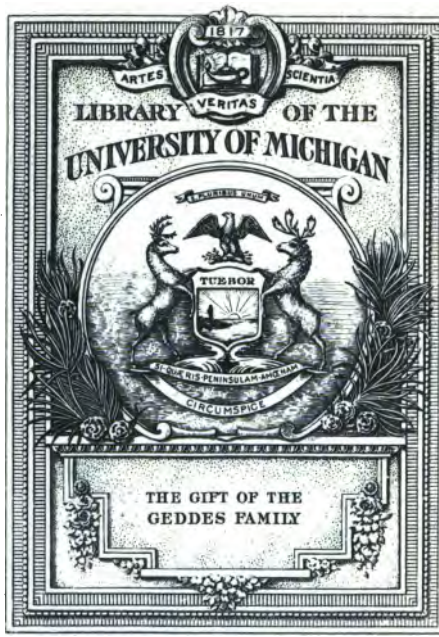

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BUILDING
USE ONLY

THE MISER.

A

COMEDY,

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatres."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCC XCI.

TO HIS GRACE,

CHARLES,

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

MY LORD,

AS there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my Lord, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce Moliere as that of your Grace, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleasure which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking must be indeed complete by your approbation; the perfect knowledge which your Grace is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste, of that nation where this play was derived, makes you the properest judge wherein I have judiciously kept up to, or departed from, the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of The Miser, and you, my Lord, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious by entering into the usual style of Dedications, for my pen cannot accompany my

heart when I speak of your Grace; and I am now writing to the only person to whom such a panegyric would be displeasing; therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest ambition to be thought,

My Lord,

your Grace's most obliged,

and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Gift
Glidden Family
4-30-32

THE MISER.

ORIGINALLY PLAUTUS, secondarily MOLIERE, thirdly SHADWELL, and fourthly our incomparable HENRY FIELDING, have dramatised this subject.

The present Play is that of the latter of these gentlemen---It is a free spirited translation, and keeps possession of the Stage.

To the mere translator of foreign productions but slender praise can be afforded---but when translation is performed by original genius, it acquires a native character, differing much from the unnatural flavour of forced exotics. Who would not, for instance, highly value a copy from MICHAEL ANGELO, by REYNOLDS?

We know not whether the passion is not driven further than observation upon life will warrant; but something must be allowed for the production of strong comic effect.

PROLOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND.

TOO long the slighted Comic Muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite alter'd and her art o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more she sees
With which so well her Jonson knew to please:
No characters from nature now we trace,
All serve to empty books of common-place:
Our modern bards who to assemblies stray,
Frequent the Park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say.
Just they retail each quibble to the Town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, or without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call High Comedy, and seem content.
But, to regale with other sort of fare,
To-night the author treats you with Moliere;
Moliere! who Nature's inmost secrets knew,
Whose justest pen like Kneller's pencil drew;
In whose strong scenes all characters are shewn,
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.

Happy our English bard if your applause
Grant he 'as not injur'd the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear:
He must be safe if he has sav'd Moliere.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

LOVEGOLD, *the Miser*,	Mr. Ryder.
FREDERICK, *his son*,	Mr. Farren,
CLERIMONT,	Mr. Macready.
RAMILIE, *servant to* Frederick,	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. DECOY, *a broker*,	Mr. Thompson.
Mr. FURNISH, *an upholsterer*,	Mr. Ledger.
Mr. SPARKLE, *a jeweller*,	Mr. Evatt.
Mr. SATIN, *a mercer*,	Mr. Lee.
Mr. LIST, *a tailor*,	Mr. C. Powell.
CHARLES BUBBLEBOY,	———
A LAWYER,	Mr. Rock.
JAMES,	Mr. Cubit.

Women.

HARRIET, Lovegold's *daughter*,	Mrs. Mountain.
Mrs. WISELY,	Miss Platt.
MARIANA,	Mrs. Mattocks.
LAPPET, *maid to* Mariana,	Mrs. Abington.
WHEEDLE,	Miss Stuart.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, London.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

LOVEGOLD, *the Miser*,	Mr. Moss.
FREDERICK, *his son*,	Mr. Whitfield.
CLERIMONT,	Mr. Barrymore.
RAMILIE, *servant to* Frederick,	Mr. Palmer.
Mr. DECOY, *a broker*,	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. FURNISH, *an upholsterer*,	Mr. Wrighten.
Mr. SPARKLE, *a jeweller*,	Mr. Phillimore.
Mr. SATIN, *a mercer*,	Mr. Norris.
Mr. LIST, *a tailor*,	Mr. Holcroft.
CHARLES BUBBLEBOY,	———
A LAWYER,	Mr. Chaplin.
JAMES,	Mr. Burton.

Women.

HARRIET, Lovegold's *daughter*,	Miss Collins.
Mrs. WISELY,	Mrs. Johnson.
MARIANA,	Mrs. Brereton.
LAPPET, *maid to* Mariana,	Miss Pope.
WHEEDLE,	Miss Kirby.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, London.

THE MISER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LOVEGOLD's *House. Enter* LAPPET *and* RAMILIE.

Lappet.

I'LL hear no more. Perfidious fellow! have I for thee slighted so many good matches; have I for thee turn'd off Sir Oliver's steward and my Lord Landy's butler, and several others thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

Ram. Do but hear me, Madam.

Lap. If thou wouldst have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-stich, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ram. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company: what must they

think of me when they see you, after having countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ram. I'm sure the world must think worse of me did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, Sir, that won't do. If ever you hope to speak to me more, let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ram. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the first night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again———

Ram. May I be banish'd for ever from those dear eyes, and be turn'd out of the family while you live in it.

Enter WHEEDLE.

Wheed. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lap. My dear! this is extremely kind.

Wheed. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature! now you are barbarous. My young lady has staid at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone

out I am sure, Madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Wheed. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh, Mr. Ramilie! are you confin'd too? Your master does not stay at home I am sure; he can find the way to our house tho' you can't.

Ram. That is the only happiness, Madam, I envy him: but faith I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the Court of Requests, and one's evenings at quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket, for I know he is engag'd to-morrow with some gentlemen who never leave their bottle for music.

Lap. Ah, the savages!

Wheed. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie; you prefer music to every thing———

Ram. ——But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So, there's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of quadrille more?

Wheed. Oh, don't name it! I have work'd my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambrick pinners and handkerchiefs: in short, my dear! no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Wheed. La, child! where can one better one's self?

All the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends: my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ram. That, Madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, Madam, I am obliged to leave you——[*Bell rings.*] So, so, so: would the bell were in your guts! [*Exit* Ramilie.

Lap. Oh Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Wheed. Thank you, my dear! but I have drank half-a-dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well, but, my dear! I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Wheed. Pray let us hear 'em. I have some secrets of our family too which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to!

Lap. You know, my dear! last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, sav'd her life at the hazard of his own——Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled!——Ha, ha, ha!

Wheed. Yes, my dear! I know how all your fine

ladies look when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people: when the poor gentleman brought Miss home, my master meets 'em at the door, and, without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Wheed. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman! Her blushes soon discovered to me who he was: in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom, upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him——My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she looked on him! Ah, Sir! says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance! He handed her into a hackney-coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Wheed. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope.

Lap. Never fear that—And now, what do you think we have contrived amongst us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

Wheed. Soh! here's fine billing and cooing I warrant; Miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet; how long it will continue so I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can, for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Wheed. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the first inventor of locks say I. But come, my dear! there is one key which I keep, and that I believe will furnish us with sweetmeats; so if you will walk in with me I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me. I hope, my dear! you will keep these secrets safe; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Garden. Enter CLERIMONT *and* HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet? do

you repent that promise of yours which has made me the happiest of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happiness: if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

" *Cler.* Thou art too bounteous; every tender word " from those dear lips lays obligations on me I never " can repay; but if to love, to dote on you more than " life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your " wishes before you speak them, can discharge me " from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will " be punctual in the payment.

" *Har.* It were ungenerous in me to doubt you; " and when I think what you have done for me, be- " lieve me I must think the balance on your side."

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration?

Har. As for the censures of the world, I despise them while I do not deserve them; folly is forwarder to censure wisdom than wisdom folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest! your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy; it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear, therefore I think it not adviseable to trust him, at least yet——he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy! [*Exit.*

Har. Honest creature! What happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him? Parents choose as often ill for us as we do for ourselves: they are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach-and-six.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Dear Harriet! good morrow: I am glad to find you alone, for I have an affair to impart to you that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidant.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such consequence——

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Or your telling again: in short, you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it; I am—it is impossible to tell you; in a word —I am in love!

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction; so much in love, that without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time: it hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could, but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have conceal'd it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by, there are so many of her sisters; you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars; I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shewn you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side you would see beauty, wit, genteelness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! Ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase indeed. But if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father; and you may ea-

sily imagine what success a disinherited son may be likely to expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. [*without.*] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not sirrah, but get you out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, Sir; and I won't go out of the house, Sir, unless I am turn'd out by my proper master, Sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expence than a prudent man might clothe a large family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy

upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing indeed to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money. [*Aside.*] Hark'e, rascal, come hither: I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell every one you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, Sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter sirrah? get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, Sir, I am going.

Love. Come back: let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These bootsleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hang'd who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, Sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay, Sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No, really, Sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon. [*Exit.*

Love. So there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

Enter FREDERICK *and* HARRIET.

In short I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—Oh, Heavens! I have betray'd myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter, Sir!

Love. Yes, the matter, Sir? I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What Sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, Sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, Sir.

Love. Ah, would I had those three thousand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion——

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise 'em, Sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise 'em! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expences they run into, be the occasion that one of these days somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expence, Sir, do I run into?

Love. How have you the assurance to ask me that, Sir, when if one was but to pick those fine feathers of yours off from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them. A fellow here with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is call'd extravagant! In short, Sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How Sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me, or how could you support this extravagance?

Fred. Alas, Sir! there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagancies, and no one knows how. Ah, Sir! there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth-street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs, when he may wear his own hair? "I dare swear a good periwig cann't cost less than "fifteen or twenty shillings." Heyday! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, Sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray Sir, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, Sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, Sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

Fred. Oh, the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless, Sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, Sir! consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana!

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who? you, you, you!

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, Sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire. [*Exit* Fred.

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolved for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear! shall marry our good neighbour Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa! but I had rather not marry if you please. [*Curtesying.*

Love. [*mimicking her curtesy.*] I thank you, my good daughter! but I had rather you should marry him if you please.

Har. Pardon me, dear Sir!

Love. Pardon me, dear Madam!

Har. Not all the fathers upon earth shall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father!

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner! In short, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me; I am resolved upon the match.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. Some people, Sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or—

Cler. Forgive my interposing: dear Sir! what's the matter? Madam, let me entreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clerimont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered both to her and to me: a man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion!

Cler. Without a portion! Consider, dear Madam! can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true indeed; you will think on that, Sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all the affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, Sir, that decides the thing at once: and yet I know there are people who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and

temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there's no answering that——"Who "can oppose such a reason as that?" And yet there are several parents who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest, "and who esteem, "as the very first article of marriage, that happy "union of affections which is the foundation of "every blessing attending on a married state—— "and who——"

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that stops your mouth at once—— "Without a portion!" Where is the person who can find an argument against that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? some villains are in search of my money.—Don't stir from hence; I'll return in an instant. [*Exit* Love.

Cler. My dearest Harriet! how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of Fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest lovely creature!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is

not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age, of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said, indeed!

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern; I dare swear I shall bring her to it. [*To* Lovegold.

Love. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. "When a lover offers, Madam, to take a "daughter without a portion, one should inquire no "further; every thing is contained in that one arti- "cle, and without a portion supplies the want of "beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and ho- "nesty."

Love. "Gloriously said, spoke like an oracle!" [*Exit.*

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me this is a most painful hypocrisy; "it tor- "tures me to oppose your opinion, though I am not "in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh "Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abused "by vulgar souls who are incapable of tasting its de- "licacies!" When love is great as mine

None can its pleasures or its pains declare;
We can but feel how exquisite they are. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter* FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Frederick.

WHAT is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way, when I gave you orders to stay here?

Ram. Yes, Sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turn'd me out; and it is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, Sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ram. Ah, Sir, it is a terrible thing to borrow money! a man must have dealt with the devil, to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ram. Pardon me, sir, Mr. Decoy the broker is a most industrious person; he says he has done every thing in his power to serve you, for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

Fred. So then I shall have the five hundred, shall I?

Ram. Yes, Sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ram. Ah, Sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine; why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name, and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family. I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ram. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me he took 'em from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable——"the broker was forced to "stickle hard to get such good ones." In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities, and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all encumbrance; and, that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must ensure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burden his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than thirty *per cent.*

Fred. Oh the conscientious rascal!

Ram. But as the said lender has not by him at present the sum demanded, and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the

rate of four *per cent.* he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the thirty *per cent.* aforesaid, shall also pay this four *per cent.* since it is for his service only that this sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! what a Jew is here?

Ram. You know, Sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ram. Ay Sir; why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so, rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions, if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ram. Alas, Sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

Fred. Well, is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

Ram. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down in cash no more than four hundred, and for the rest the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

Ram. Imprimis, "one large yellow camblet bed, "lined with satin, very little eaten by the moths, "and wanting only one curtain; six stuffed chairs "of the same, a little torn, and the frames worm-"eaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for "wearing; one large pier-glass, with only one

" crack in the middle; one suit of tapestry hangings, " in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars " and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, " with many other amorous stories, which make the " hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

" *Fred.* What the devil is here!

Ram. " *Item*, one suit of drugget with silver but- " tons, the buttons only the worse for wearing; *item*, " two musquets, one of which only wants the lock;" one large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it; one snuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's, a proper present for a mistress; five pictures without frames, if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons! what use have I for all this?

Ram. Several valuable books, amongst which are all the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and lettered——the whole works in divinity of———

Fred. Read no more! confound the curst extortioner! I shall pay one hundred *per cent.*

Ram. Ah, Sir! I wish your honour would consider profit in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduced by the curst avarice of fathers! well may we wish them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ram. Such a father as yours, Sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. " For " my part, I have never had any inclinations towards

"hanging; and I thank Heaven I have lived to see "whole sets of my companions swing out of the "world, while I have had address enough to quit "all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the "halter." I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, Sir——Sir, I ask your pardon——has so provoked me, that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* DECOY.

Decoy. In short, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? do you know the name, the family, and the estate, of the borrower?

Decoy. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all these particulars from his own lips, and his man assured me you would make no difficulty the moment you knew the name of his father: all that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spendthrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest pru-

dent men who know the world and the value of their money.

Decoy. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay! there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity, obliges us to serve our neighbours, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Decoy. Very true indeed.

Ram. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Decoy. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste: but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, Sir, I neither discovered your name nor your house: but, however, there is no great harm done; they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Decoy. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How, rascal! is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him. [*Aside*]——And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions?

[Ramilie *and* Decoy *sneak off.*

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself by taking up money at such an interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself by lending at such interest?

Love. How dare you, after this, appear before my face?

Fred. How dare you, after this, appear before the face of the world?

Love. Get you out of my sight, villain! get out of my sight.

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say——

Love. I'll not hear a word: I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future.—— Get out of my sight, villain!—I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a stricter eye over his actions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in LOVEGOLD'*s House. Enter* HARRIET *and* MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me, for of all people upon earth you are my greatest favourite: but I have had such an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for, my dear! would you think I have had no less than three doctors?

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered, indeed.

Mar. Oh, child, doctors will never do me any

harm; I never take any thing they prescribe: I don't know how it is; when one's ill one can't help sending for them; and you know, my dear! my mamma loves physic better than she does any thing but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh, child, you are quite a Tramontane; I must bring you to like dear spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you would take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear! I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you; and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that now one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest! you will have such a lover within these four-and-twenty hours!

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; "but I believe I have listed him already." Oh Harriet! I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you, with that dear creature your brother—In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been

harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly, for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you——

Mar. Your father!

Har. Ay, my dear! what say you to a comely old gentleman of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die. Ha, ha, ha! you extravagant creature! how could you throw away all this jest at once? it would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already: I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him. Oh, methinks I see you on your knees already—Pray, Mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh, I see my loving bridegroom "in his threefold nightcap, "his flannel shirt; methinks" I see him approach me with all the loving gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, "more "instructive than all my grandmother e'er taught "me." Oh! I smell him sweeter, oh! sweeter

than even hartshorn itself! Ha, ha, ha! See, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: "would not any one think now we had been a happy "couple together Heaven knows how long?"

Har. Well, you dear mad creature! but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh, never fear it; one can't indeed bring one's self to be civil to a young lover; but as for these old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lapdogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh, I shall hate you if you are serious. Oh! see what your wicked words have occasioned: I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

Enter FREDERICK.

Har. Oh brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determined against us, all art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, Sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, Madam, I am resolved to persevere; for when one's whole happiness is already at stake, I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be perhaps a person's interest to give up a cause wherein part of his fortune was concerned, but when the dispute is about the whole he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest when he is my son-in-law I'll send him to the Temple: tho' he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, Madam, diligence may succeed in love as well as law: sure Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Lyttleton!

Mar. Oh, the wretch! he has quite suffocated me with his comparison; I must have a little air: dear Harriet! let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar. My leave! no indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you. [*Exeunt.*

" *Har.* Ah, brother; I wish you had no greater " enemy in this affair than your mistress."

SCENE III.

A Garden. Enter RAMILIE *and* LAPPET.

Lap. This was indeed a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ram. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get any thing out of him I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear! you have liv'd long enough in this house to know that gold is a dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah, but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands. There is one trade which, I thank Heaven, I'm no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ram. Your humble servant, Madam; I find you don't know our good master yet; " there is not a wo- " man in the world who loves to hear her pretty self " talk never so much, but you may easier shut her

" mouth than open his hands; as for thanks, praises, " and promises, no courtier upon earth is more libe- " ral of them; but for money, the devil a penny: " there's nothing so dry as his caresses; and" there is no husband who hates the word Wife half so much as he does the word Give: instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah, Sir! let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart and his purse too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange: " the very sight of a dun " throws him into convulsions; 'tis touching him in " the only sensible part; 'tis piercing his heart, tear- " ing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing:" but here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him I'll marry you without any other fortune. [*Exit.*

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. All's well hitherto; my dear money is safe. Is it you Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, Sir? Why, you look so young and vigorous———

Love. Do I, do I!

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never look'd half so young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, consider-

ing the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well; and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid could I take off twenty years it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for now-a-days nobody marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year.

Lap. Yes, Sir; there's, in the first place, the article of a table; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then as to the quality of what she eats you'll have no need of a French-cook upon her account; as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them; so there is the article of desserts wiped off all at once—you'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half-a-dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal; this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item*, for clothes; she has been bred up in such a plainness in them, that should we allow but for

three birth night suits a-year saved, which are the least a town lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more; for jewels, (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year; now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred, to which if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thousand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things it must be confess'd, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, Sir! is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences she won't put me to; I assure you, Madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received: in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad

to touch it: but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you above all things to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least: *why, she broke off a match t' other day because her lover was but fifty, and pretended to sign the marriage articles without spectacles.*

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagin'd: she has in her chamber several pictures, but what do you think they are? none of your smock-fac'd young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parises, and your Apollos: no, Sir; you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! this is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! Pretty masters indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers!

Now, I shouldbe glad to taste the savour that is in any of them. [*Here* Lappet *introduces a song.*

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! if your picture were drawn by a good hand, Sir, it would be invaluable! "Turn about a little if you please: there, "what can be more charming!" Let me see you walk; there's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagée! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you —I have a lawsuit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money; [*He looks gravely.*] and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you.

[*He looks pleased.*]——Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you.——But indeed, Sir, this lawsuit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter would prevent. Ah, Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety.*] how pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! in short, to discover a secret to you which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir; [*He looks serious.*] it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, Sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair———

Lap. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small

favour: I shall be undone, indeed, Sir: if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, Sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice,

Lap. If it were but five pounds, Sir; but three pounds, Sir: nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two.

[*As he offers to go out on either side she intercepts him.*

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed I am very much obliged to you. [*Exit.*

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are! Ramilie is in the right: however, I shall not quit the affair; for tho' I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And if one falls, they're fee'd on t' other side. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter HARRIET, FREDERICK, *and* CLERIMONT.

Frederick.

I THINK, Sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me as to imagine I could

have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If any thing, Sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus obliged without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; "for there is something in a generous education which "it is impossible for persons who want that happi-"ness to counterfeit;" therefore henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments, for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him: he will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty per cent. And you, Madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, Sir, we shall want no other instructer.

Love. Come hither, Harriet, you know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expence of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided on

these occasions than is eat; and an additional guest makes no additional expence.

Cler. Very true, Sir; besides, tho' they were to rise hungry, no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clerimont, and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholsomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation; you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you, Sir.

Love. Go; that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I desire would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me, Sir?

Love. I know, Sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, Sir, to be overjoy'd at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish: I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That I think is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

Enter JAMES.

James. Did you send for me, Sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, Sir.

James. I thought indeed it was not your coachman: for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved—but your cook, Sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

James. I am ready for your commands, Sir.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year; I have indeed now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done, Sir, with a good deal of money.

Love. What, is the devil in you? always money. Can you say nothing else but Money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than Money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. "Here's a miracle for you indeed, to make a good "supper with a good deal of money! Is there any "thing so easy? is there any one who can't do it?"

Would a man shew himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

James. I wish you would be so good, Sir, as to shew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

" *Love.* Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

" *James.* There's a gentleman, Sir, who can fur-
" nish you out a good supper with a little money.

" *Love.* Answer me yourself.

James. " Why, Sir," how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dress'd but for eight; for if there be enough for eight there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted, and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which I believe may be bought for a guinea or thereabouts.

Love. What! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen!

James. Then, Sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half-a-dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen——

Love. [*Putting his hand before* James's *mouth.*] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

James. Then a ragout——

Love. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all? "has "my master invited people to cram 'em to death? "or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him "up at one supper?" Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, We must eat to live, not live to eat.

Love. Excellently well said, indeed! it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. We must live to eat, and not eat to—No, that is not it: how did you say?

Cler. That we must eat to live, and not live to eat.

Love. Extremely fine! pray write them out for me, for I'm resolv'd to have them done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

James. You have no need to do any more, Sir; people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray, Sir, what do people say of me?

James. Ah, Sir! if I could but be assur'd that you would not be angry with me—

Love. Not at all; so far from it, you will very much oblige me, for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Well, Sir, then, since you will have it, I will tell you freely that they make a jest of you every where, nay of your very servants upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you; one says

that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing; another says that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses, for which your coachman very handsomely belaboured your back: in a word, Sir, one can go no where, where you are not the by-word; you are the laughing-stock of all the world: and you are never mentioned but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy———

Love. Impertinent, impudent, rascal! beat him for me, Clerimont.

"*Cler.* Are you not asham'd, Mr. James, to give "your master this language?

"*James.* What's that to you, Sir?—I fancy this fel-"low's a coward; if he be I will handle him."

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

James. Who taught you, Sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my business I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me I'll break your head for you.

[*Drives* Clerimont *to the farther end of the Stage.*

Cler. How, rascal! break my head!

James. I did not say I'd break your head.

[Clerimont *drives him back again.*

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence?

" *James.* I hope not, Sir: I give you no offence, Sir.

" *Cler.* That I shall shew you the difference between " us."

James. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*

James. Nay, Sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, Sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so: see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soup-meagre; a good large suet-pudding; some dainty fat pork pie or pasty; a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a sallad, and a dish of artichokes, which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every thing to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that—This is a most excellent young fellow!—But now will I go pay a visit to my money. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street. RAMILIE *and* LAPPET *meeting.*

Ram. Well, Madam, what success? " Have I been " a false prophet, and have you come at the old

" hunks's purse? or have I spoke like an oracle, and " he is as close-fisted as usual?"

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used: all my rhetoric availed nothing. While I was talking to him about the lady, he smil'd and was pleased, but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance chang'd, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet Sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony? In short your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy?

Ram. No, Madam, I am so much his friend that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of opinion that it would be more

your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune; and if she were once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ram. And is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! oh that you had but seen him as I have; with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! his old trunk was shaken with a fit of love just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him, than a wife that would shut it against him? Besides, it will be better for us all; for if the husband were as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife: she will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it; so, faith, I will e'en set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

" *Ram.* But do you think you can prevail with her? " will she not be apt to think she loses that by the ex- " change which he cannot make her amends for?

" *Lap.* Ah, Ramilie! the difficulty is not so great " to persuade a woman to follow her interest: we ge-

" nerally have that more at heart than you men ima-
" gine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one
" another; and whether you would lead a woman to
" ruin, or preserve her from it, the surest way of do-
" ing either is by one of her own sex. We are gene-
" rally decoyed into the net by birds of our own fea-
" ther."

Ram. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first, I am sure; I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live.

[*Exit.*

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. " The jade has art, but is quite overshadow'd by her " vanity. She will get the better of every one but " the person who will condescend to praise her; for " tho' she be a most mercenary devil, she will swal-" low no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same " pride which warms her fancy, serves to cool her ap-" petites, and therefore though she have neither " virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And " this is my mistress, with a pox to her! Pray, what " am I in love with? But that is a question so few " lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with

" thinking I am in love with *le je ne sçai quoi.*" *Match her who can.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LOVEGOLD's *House.* *Enter* LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, *Mrs.* WISELY, *and* MARIANA.

Love. You see, Madam, what it is to marry extremely young: here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. Wise. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents: what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady: I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles: it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty, that is, the finest, brightest, and most glorious, of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst. Oh! nauseous filthy fellow!

Love. What does she say to you, Harriet?

Har. She says, Sir, if she were a star you should be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me?

Mar. Ah! what an animal! what a wretch!

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments!

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. [*listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance, Madam. Hark'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. My father has indeed, Madam, much reason to be vain of his choice: you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family; notwithstanding which I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of Son-in-law; nor can I help saying, that if it were in my power I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it indeed; were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, Sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, Madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; "that I "can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing "you;" that to be called your husband would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. "The possession of you "is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune;

" that is the lovely mark to which all my ambition " tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of " undertaking to attain so great a blessing; all diffi- " culties, when you are the prize in pursuit——"

Love. Hold, hold, Sir! softly, if you please!

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, Sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself; I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet Sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, Sir, and tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wise. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [*to* Mariana.] Did you ever see, Madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems indeed to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, Sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to* Mariana.] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wise. Mar. It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. [*preventing* Mariana, *who is going to return it.*]

No, Madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a present to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your request to this lady that she should wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. [*to his son.*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad!

Mar. I must insit on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, Madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wise. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh, that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in lest you should return it——It is not my fault, dear Sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate—— For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

Love. [*to his son.*] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat!

Mrs. Wise. Daughter, I protest you make me

ashamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy——bid him come another time—bid him leave his business with you——

James. Must he leave the money he has brought with me, Sir? [*Exit.* James.

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately. [*Exit.*

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have ate too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. Wise. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided I will taste one glass.

Har. I'll wait on you, Madam.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Wisely *and* Harriet.

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet; is it a family-piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it; are you not generally thought

very like it?—Heyday! where is my mamma and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, Madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together, we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest; but were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness, therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, "when "that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so "very opposite?"

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then I suppose you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere, I do. Without arrogance, I think I have nothing in me so detestable as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken, Sir; money, money, the most charming of all things; money, which will say

more in one moment than the most eloquent lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer he is rich: he is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humoured; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich——that one word contradicts every thing you can say against him; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with, But he is poor, you overthrow all that you have said; for it has long been an established maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature sits upon you, you'd never wear it. "There is not one so abandoned but that she can "affect what is amiable better than you can what is "odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion "of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but "what is lovely can suit you or appear your own."

Enter HARRIET.

Har. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clerimont, who is shewing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon, that you loved him.

Mar. I tell you I loved him—Oh, barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh, repeat it to my face, and make me bless'd to that degree!

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be so ill-natured to conceal any thing from another which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lie would choke me were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear! you have said you hated him so often that you need not fear that. But if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing; she is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish, coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make him easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear! how prettily these airs become you—take my word for it you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy if it were fixed where you have insinuated it "to be placed."

Har. If you have any reason, Madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My

brother is every way worthy of you, Madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the Town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet! carry it no farther; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away! you do not know the sex: her vanity will make you play the fool till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you——It is a part she has often played.

Mar. I am obliged to you, however, Madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship: it will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

Har. My friendship, Madam, naturally cools when I discover its object less worthy than I imagined her. ——I can never have any violent esteem for one who would make herself unhappy to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour; and in my opinion the coquette who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natur'd vanity, is a more odious, a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expence of her own reputation.

Enter Mrs. WISELY *and* CLERIMONT.

Mrs. Wise. Upon my word, Sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you had been

base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good-breeding should have restrained you from using me after this inhumane, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, child! what's the matter?

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side, and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no, Madam: the whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have it in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not revenged on you——

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? did I not tell you you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet: you must not be frightened at a few storms: these are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I ask your pardon; I have dispatched my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. Wise. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. Your children, Sir, have used my poor girl so ill that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not used to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family——

Love. Out of my sight, audacious vile wretches! and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I——

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence! to dare, after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother, perhaps I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

[*Exeunt* Frederick *and* Harriet.

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor pretty creature! had they stolen my purse I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

Mrs. Wise. The age is come to a fine pass indeed, if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to see a child of mine oppose it!

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear! and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

" *Mrs. Wise.* Look'e, Mariana, I know your con-
" sent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether
" conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I
" have been all my life so strict an observer; but
" this is so prudent a match, that the world will be apt
" to give you a dispensation. When women seem too
" forward to run away with idle young fellows, the
" world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them;
" but when they only consult their interest in their

" consent, though it be never so quickly given, we " say, La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately " carried on!

" *Mar.* I resign myself entirely over to your will, " Madam, and am at your disposal."

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion: you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? Hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth! 'Od, Madam! you shall be a grandmother within these ten months—I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger, I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was described to be! No one sure ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet! if you will walk a few minutes in the garden, I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. Wise. We shall expect you with impatience.

[*Exeunt* Mariana *and* Mrs. Wisely.

Love. Clerimont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is like to be in this evening. I must trust every thing to your care; see that matters be managed with as small expence as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the

wine let that be sent back too; and put up what is left, if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come farther than the hall, for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust every thing to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible, Sir: but there is one thing in this entertainment of yours which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that, prithee?

Cler. That is, the cause of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an action as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune, Sir?

Love. Oh, yes, yes; I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances, and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune; "and a "penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have "great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all "over this town and not have got one cheaper."

Cler. Sure you are in a dream, Sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table at least two hundred pounds a-year.

Cler. Sure, Sir, you do not know——

Love. In clothes two hundred more——

Cler. There is not, Sir, in the whole town——

Love. In jewels one hundred; play five hundred: these have been all proved to me; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, Sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing wasted.

[*Exit.* Love.

Cler. How vainly do we spend our breath, while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to. "I "thought it impossible for any thing to have sur- "mounted his avarice; but I find there is one little "passion which reigns triumphant in every mind it "creeps into, and, whether a man be covetous, "proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman "to make him liberal, humble, and brave." Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. "I "will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have "heard. Poor man! how little satisfaction he finds "in his mistress, compared to what I meet in Harriet! "Love to him is misery, to me perfect happiness. "Women are always one or the other; they are ne- "ver indifferent.

"*Whoever takes for better and for worse,*
"*Meets with the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse.*"

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in LOVEGOLD'S *House. Enter* FREDERICK *and* RAMILIE.

Frederick.

How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour, it is true; she told it me in the highest confidence; a trust, Sir, which nothing but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevailed with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to your friendship.

Ram. Oh, Sir! but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers: for, would you think it, Sir? the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair. I believe, Sir, you would have been pleased to have heard the answer I gave her: Madam, says I, do you think if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest? It is my interest, Madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I, let him alone for rewarding a servant when he is but once assured of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ram. That was what I told her, Sir. Do you think, says I, that this old rascal, (I ask your pardon, Sir) that this hunks, my master's father, will live for ever? And then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well; but, dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetorick—go and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her, Sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, Sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't question but, before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again: your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him; so about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, Sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend. [*Exit.*

Enter CLERIMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh, Frederick! I have been looking you all over the house. I have news for you which will give me pain to discover, tho' it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! Oh Clerimont! is it possible? cursed be the politics of my sister; she is the innocent occasion of this. And can Mariana, from a pique to her, throw herself away? Dear Clerimont! give me some advice; think on some method by which I may prevent, at least, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you! But here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there were a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occa-

sion of my funeral; I am obliged to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are; it will be much more to your interest to——

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

"*Lap.* For Heaven's sake, Sir! you do not intend "to kill me?

"*Fred.* What could drive your villany to attempt "to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? "what could urge thee, when I trusted thee with "my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant "usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, "what could sway thee to betray me?

"*Lap.* As I hope to be sav'd, Sir, whatever I have "done was intended for your service.

"*Fred.* It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast "used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this "match.

"*Lap.* If I did, Sir, it was all with a view towards "your interest; if I have done any thing to prevent "your having her, it was because I thought you "would do better without her.

"*Fred.* Wouldst thou to save my life tear out my "heart? and dost thou, like an impudent inquisitor, "whilst thou art destroying me, assert it is for my "own sake?"

Lap. Be but appeas'd, Sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick! adjourn your anger for a while at least: I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in heart; "and whatever she has done, if it "has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently "affirm it has been for her own:" and I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you shew her it will be more her interest to serve you than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas, Sir! I never did any thing yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of: besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear Madam! to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be——but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How? how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, Sir, Mr. Clerimont was mentioning a certain little word called interest just now. I should not repeat it to you, Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, Sir; if they were half married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it.—Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity! [*Exit.*

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith, I think so. I have told you how dexterously she managed my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh Clerimont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

" *Cler.* A coquette's lover generally pays very se-
" verely indeed: his game is sure to lead him a long
" chase; and if he catches her at last, she is hardly
" worth carrying home—You will excuse me,

" *Fred.* It does not affect me, for what appears a
" coquette in Mariana, is rather the effect of spright-
" liness and youth, than any fixed habit of mind; she
" has good sense and good-nature at the bottom.

" *Cler.* If she has good-nature it is at the bottom
" indeed, for I think she has never discovered any to
" you.

" *Fred.* Women of her beauty and merit have such
" a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think
" of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides,
" so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending
" them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who
" think all their services well repaid with a curtesy or
" a smile, that they are startled and think a lover a
" most unreasonable creature who can imagine he
" merits their whole person.

" *Cler.* They are of all people my aversion; they
" are a sort of spaniels, who tho' they have no chance
" of running down the hare themselves, often spoil
" the chase. I have known one of these fellows pur-
" sue half the fine women in town without any other
" design than of enjoying them all in the arms of a
" strumpet. It is pleasant enough to see them watch-
" ing the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour,
" to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

" *Fred.* Which she often returns with a smile, or
" some more extraordinary mark of affection, from
" a charitable design of giving pain to her real ad-
" mirer, who, tho' he can't be jealous of the animal,
" is concern'd to see her condescend to take notice of
" him.

" *Enter* HARRIET.

" *Har.* I suppose, brother, you have heard of my

" good father's economy, that he has resolv'd to join " two entertainments in one—and prevent giving an " extraordinary wedding-supper.

" *Fred.* Yes, I have heard it, and I hope have " taken measures to prevent it.

" *Har.* Why, did you believe it, then?

" *Fred.* I think I had no longer room to doubt.

" *Har.* I would not believe it, if I were to see them " in bed together.

" *Fred.* Heaven forbid it!

" *Har.* So say I too; Heaven forbid I should have " such a mother-in law! but I think if she were wed- " ded into any other family, you would have no rea- " son to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

" *Fred.* Dear Harriet! indulge my weakness.

" *Har.* I will indulge your weakness with all my " heart—but the men ought not; for they are such " lovers as you who spoil the women.—Come, if you " will bring Mr. Clerimont into my apartment, I'll " give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some *sal* " *volatile* in it, tho' you have no real cause for any de- " pression of your spirits, for I dare swear your mis- " tress is very safe; and I am sure if she were to be " lost, in the manner you apprehend, she would be " the best loss you ever had in your life.

" *Cler.* Oh, Frederick! if your mistress were but " equal to your sister, you might well be called the " happiest of mankind." [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIANA *and* LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him?

Mar. I tell you I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! for what do you intend to have him?

Mar. Have I not told you already, that I will marry him?

Lap. Indeed you will not.

Mar. How, Mrs. Impertinence, has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you were sure of not being suffered to eat: the very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies; adieu dear quadrille—And to what have you sacrificed all these?—not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, Madam, I shall not allow you; if you intend to stay in this house, you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself.—Remember you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have been suffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good Madam, if you come to that! for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me; for if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one more comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you; the worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! faugh!

Mar. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand, you may return and tell her her wit is shallower than I imagined it—and since she has no more experience, I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. [*Exit.*

Lap. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-temper'd creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Garden. Enter LOVEGOLD *and Mrs.* WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy; I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. Wise. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged.

I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villanous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. Wise. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his years. [*Aside.*

Love. What are you considering?

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence; therefore I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me: it seems to argue your inclination abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas, Madam! I love her better than any thing almost upon the face of the earth: this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

Mrs. Wise. Well, Sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction both of her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract, which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. I see, Sir, you don't care for it, so there is no harm done: and really this other is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blam'd for refusing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

Mrs. Wise. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look it over.

Mrs. Wise. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him and get it done instantly, and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you he is a very advantageous offer. [*Exit.*

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract: her lawyer draws it, so I shall be at no expence, for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed to have entitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth! I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match: I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Oh, unhappy miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never

outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep——

[*Runs against him.*

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, Sir!—you are undone, Sir! and I am undone!

Love. How! what! has any one robbed me? have I lost any thing?

Lap. No, Sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, Sir.

Love. No, I have not yet——but why——

Lap. How, Sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, Sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, Sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, Sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, Sir; the devil of any estate has she!

Love. How! not any estate at all! how can she live then?

Lap. Nay, Sir, Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet——

Lap. All an imposition, Sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, Sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

" *Love.* Can it be possible, after what you told me?

" *Lap.* Alas, Sir! that was only a cloak thrown " over her real inclinations."

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, Sir! she would have deceived any one upon earth, even you yourself: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign tho', Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign: right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them; and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way she has of a living.

Love. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself,

when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, Sir, she is dress'd out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases: and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching* Lap. *in his arms.*

Lap. Oh, Sir! I am not the lady—Was ever such an old goat!——Well, Sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family, in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it were my own; I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious, gentleman

has been raising all his lifetime, squandered away in a year or two, in feasts, balls, musick, cards, clothes, jewels——It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes——to see his guineas fly about like dust, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman, his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year, all his land swallowed down in another, all his old gold, nay, the very plate he has had in his family time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, "to see even that "disposed of." What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life?—Will they be contented then? or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too! [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me, that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining old gold?

Love. Oh, my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half *per cent!*

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty.

Enter Lawyer.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you with a pox!

Law. Heyday! sure you are *non compos mentis.*

Love. No, sirrah; I had like to have been *non compos mentis*, but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: bid her take her advantageous offer, for I shall sign no contracts.

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, Sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, Sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

Lap. You know, Sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no man can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness!—I'm only losing time! there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there. Ah, would I were married to thee myself! [*Exit.*

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? how dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, Sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself. I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship: but I don't know how it is, Sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me

suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did, sirrah?

Ram. Has she not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why then, Sir, every single syllable she has told you, has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie, as is indeed every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour: the first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie, and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, Sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas, Sir! I know her friendship begins and ends at home, "and that she has friendship for no "person living but herself." Why, Sir, do but look

at Mariana, Sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. Thi jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for thi one service. I will go and deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. [*Exit.*

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of all mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE III.

The Hall. Enter FREDERICK *and* LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet: I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady, Sir; she will take all that sort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes canst thou have? for I, alas! see none.

Lap. Oh, Sir! it is more easy to make half-a-dozen matches than to break one, and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. "There is some-"thing, methinks, so pretty, in bringing young "people together that are fond of one another. I "protest, Sir, you will be a mighty handsome cou-"ple. How fond you will be of a little girl the exact "picture of her mother! and how fond will she be "of a boy to put her in mind of his father!

"*Fred.* Death! you jade, you have fired my ima-"gination."

Lap. But methinks I want to have the hurricane begin hugely; I am surprised they are not all together by the ears already.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Oh, Madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance———

Fred. Peace, Ramilie! all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, Sir, all is well indeed; no thanks to her: "happy is the master that has a good servant; "a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in "this world: I have done your business for you, "Sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, de-"ny'd all she has been telling him:" in short, Sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the

old gentleman, mightily to your interest as you may imagine; no sooner was she gone than I steps in and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie, and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract: so now, Sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ram. Heyday! what is the meaning of this! have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, Sir, nor myself, nor any one. Fortune has marked me out for misery: but I will be no longer idle: since I am to be ruined I'll meet my destruction. [*Exit.*

[*They stand some time in silence looking at each other.*

Lap. I give you joy, Sir, of the success of your negotiation: you have approved yourself a most able person, truly; and I dare swear when your skill is once known you will not want employment.

Ram. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet! a politician may make a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employed with you, for you change sides so often that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, Sir, what was the occasion of betraying me to your master, for he has told me all?

Ram. Conscience, conscience! Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you indeed, to lose your own in order to preserve his. From henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises; henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do it will be in vain: I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base, insinuations, I would have you know, Sir, a woman injured as I am never can, nor ought, to forgive. Never see my face again. [*Exit.*

Ram. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravished with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another; and a woman generally is as sure to perform what she threatens, as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment. Enter FREDERICK, *Mrs.* WISELY, *and* MARIANA.

Fred. No, Madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. Wise. I think, Sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear mamma! don't be serious, when I dare say Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done; to insult the person you have made miserable is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word Mother-in-law has a terrible sound; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. Wise. I must insist, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter: the world is apt to be censorious. Oh, Heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto passsd unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, Madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear, for from this night I never will behold those fatal eyes again.

" *Mar.* Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection " on me: what a person will the world think me to " be when you could not live with me?

" *Fred.* Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words " bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. " Oh, had that been my blessed fortune!

" *Mrs. Wise.* Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a " greater distance. The young fellows of this age " are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred cannot " restrain them."

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us—Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. Wise. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—A rude fellow!

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Wisely *and* Mariana.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Follow me, Sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me, Sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, Sir——here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul, Sir, his money——Follow me, Sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOVEGOLD *in the utmost distraction.*

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh, my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that damn'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town, I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Hall. " *Several Servants.*

" *James.*

" THERE will be rare doings now; Madam's an ex-
" cellent woman, faith! things won't go as they have
" done; she has ordered something like a supper;
" here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

" *Thomas.* She's a sweet-humoured lady, I can tell
" you that; I have had a very good place on't with
" her. You will have no more use for locks and
" keys in this house now.

" *James.* This is the luckiest day I ever saw: as
" soon as supper is over, I will get drunk to her good
" health, I am resolved, and that's more than ever I
" could have done here before.

" *Thomas.* You sha'n't want liquor, for here are
" ten hogsheads of strong beer coming in.

" *James.* Bless her heart, good lady! I wish she
" had a better bridegroom.

" *Thomas.* Ah, never mind that, he has a good
" purse; and for other things let her alone, Mr.
" James.

" *Wheed.* Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's
" the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve
" dozen of his best Champaigne, twelve dozen of
" Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage; and
" you must call at the wax-chandler's, and bid him
" send in a chest of candles; and at Lambert's the
" confectioner in Pall-mall, and order the finest des-
" sert he can furnish: and you, Will, must go to
" Mr. Gray's, the horsejockey, and order him to
" buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her
" coach to-morrow morning; and here, you must
" take this roll, and invite all the people in it to sup-
" per; then you must go to the play-house in Dru-
" ry-Lane, and engage all the music, for my lady in-
" tends to have a ball.

" *James.* Oh, brave, Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine " times!

" *Wheed.* My lady desires that supper may be kept " back as much as possible; and if you can think of " any thing to add to it she desires you would.

" *James.* She is the best of ladies.

" *Wheed.* So you will say, when you know her bet- " ter; she has thought of nothing ever since matters " have been made up between her and your master, " but how to lay out as much money as she could— " We shall all have rare places.

" *James.* I thought to have given warning to-mor- " row morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste " now.

" *Wheed.* See what it is to have a woman at the " head of the house! but here she comes. Go you " into the kitchen and see that all things be in the " nicest order.

" *James.* I am ready to leap out of my skin for " joy."

Enter MARIANA, FURNISH, *and Mrs.* WISELY.

" *Mar.* Wheedle, have you dispatched the servants " according to my orders?

" *Wheed.* Yes, Madam."

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Furnish. I shall take a particular care, Madam; I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning;

" I shall put off some work, Madam, on that ac-
" count.

" *Mar.* That tapestry in the dining-room does not
" at all please me.

" *Furnish.* Your ladyship is very much in the
" right, Madam; it is quite out of fashion; no one
" hangs a room now with tapestry.

" *Mar.* Oh I have the greatest fondness for tapes-
" try in the world! you must positively get me some
" of a newer pattern.

" *Furnish.* Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is
" one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room,
" that I know of. I believe I can shew you some that
" will please you."

Mrs. Wise. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for this alteration.

Mar. Dear mamma! let me have my will. There is not any one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, every thing has so much of antiquity about it, and I cannot endure the sight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

Furnish. Your ladyship is in the right, Madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new furnishing a house at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. Wise. That is an extravagance I would never submit to: I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Furnish. Ha! ha! Madam, I believe her ladyship is of a different opinion—I have many a set of goods entirely whole that I would be very loath to put into your hands.

Enter SATIN *and* SPARKLE.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Satin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes, Madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

Sparkle. Yes, Madam, and I defy any jeweller in town to shew you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire too, Madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it, Sir.

Sparkle. Has it, Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one! I am sure, Madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and ear-rings?

Sparkle. If you were my sister, Madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone; I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas that I received but yesterday are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle!

Mrs. Wise. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you saying of them? have you seen them?

Sparkle. Really, Sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as———

Love. How? what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, Sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immediately, Sir. Well, Mr. Satin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Sat. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a-yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price; let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand: you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you, Sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your honour, Sir: the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, Sir; "but the honour of my "family as well as yours is concern'd in her appear-"ing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, "the whole world is very sensible of your fondness

" for money; I think it a very great blessing to you " that you have met with a woman of a different " temper, one who will preserve your reputation in " the world, whether you will or no: not that I would " insinuate to you that my daughter will ever"—*She will never* run you into unnecessary expences; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birthnight suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. Wise. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, Madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain—In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves—Get out of my doors you cut-purses.

Sparkle. Pay me for my jewels, Sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, Sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a

little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Sparkle. I'll depend on your ladyship, Madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here?

Furnish. I am an upholsterer, Sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfurnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. Wise. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh that I had never learnt to write my name!

Enter CHARLES BUBBLEBOY.

" *Bub.* Your most obedient servant, Madam.

" *Love.* Who are you, Sir? what do you want " here?

" *Bub.* Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

" *Love.* What's your business?

" *Bub.* Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff-boxes " and rings. Will you please, Sir, to look at that " snuff box? there is but one person in England, Sir, " can work in this manner: if he were but as diligent " as he is able, he would get an immense estate, Sir: " if he had an hundred thousand hands I could keep " them all employed. I have brought you a pair of " the new-invented snuffers too, Madam: be pleas- " ed to look at them; they are my own invention; " the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

" *Love.* Who the devil sent for you, Sir?

" *Mar.* I sent for him, Sir.

" *Bub.* Yes, Sir, I was told it was a lady sent for " me. Will you please, Madam, to look at the snuff- " boxes or rings first?

" *Love.* Will you please to go to the devil, Sir, first, " or shall I send you?

" *Bub.* Sir!

" *Love.* Get you out of my house this instant, or " I'll break your snuff-boxes and your bones too.

" *Bub.* Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have " come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. " Madam, your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*"

Mar. I suppose, Sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour?

Mrs. Wise. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wise. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer, once refused, is not to be had again.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the tailor, whom your ladyship sent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes,

that you may appear like a gentleman; for, as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, Madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Wisely *and* Mariana.

Enter LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List: I presume I am the person you sent for—The laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please we will take measure first. I do not know, Sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, Sir. I always visit France twice a-year; and, though I say it, that should not say it———Stand upright, if you please, Sir———

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah——I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here—Out of my doors, you villain!

List. Heyday, Sir! did you send for me for this, Sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. [*Exit.*

" *Enter* JAMES *and* PORTER.

" *Love.* Where are you going? what have you there?

" *James.* Some fine wine, Sir, that my lady sent " for to Mr. Mixture's—But, Sir, it will be impos- " sible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is " ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want " half-a-dozen kitchens too. The very wildfowl that " my lady has sent for will take up a dozen spits.

" *Love.* Oh! oh! it is in vain to oppose it: her " extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner " stopped in one place than it breaks out in another. " —[*Drums beat without.*] Ha! what's the meaning of " this? is my house besieged? would they would set " it on fire and burn all in it!

" *Drum. without.*] Heavens bless your Honour! " 'Squire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold, long life and " happiness, and many children attend you——and " so God save the king. [*Drums beat.*

" [Lovegold *goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*

" *James.* So he has quieted the drums I find—This " is the roguery of some well-wishing neighbours of " his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the " better, my master or my mistress: if my master " does, away go I; if my mistress, I'll stay while " there's any housekeeping, which can't be long; for " the riches of my lord mayor will never hold it out " at this rate.

" *Enter* LOVEGOLD.

" *Love.* James! I shall be destroyed; in one week " I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send " all the provisions back to the tradesmen, put out all " the fires, leave not so much as a candle burning.

" *James.* Sir, I don't know how to do it; Madam " commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

" *Love.* How! not when I command thee?

" *James.* I have lost several places, Sir, by obey- " ing the master against the mistress, but never lost " one by obeying the mistress against the master. " Besides, Sir, she is so good and generous a lady, " that it would go against my very heart to offend " her.

" *Love.* The devil take her generosity!

" *James.* And I don't believe she has provided one " morsel more than will be eat: why, Sir, she has " invited above five hundred people to supper: " within this hour your house will be as full as " Westminster-hall the last day of term——But I " have no time to lose.

" *Love.* Oh! oh! what shall I do?"

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, Sir, I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, Sir, when I told you what a woman she was, how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, Sir; for, alack-a-day! I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, Sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, Sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond, of ten thousand pounds, to marry her!

Lap. You shall forfeit it.

Love. Forfeit what? my life, and soul, and blood, and heart!

Lap. You shall forfeit it———

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner: no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards, to save my money.

Lap. I see, Sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

Lap. Oh, my poor master! my poor master!

[*Crying.*

Love. Why did I not die a year ago? what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago! [*A noise without.*] Oh! oh! dear Lappet! see what it is! I shall be undone in an hour——Oh!

Enter CLERIMONT *richly dressed.*

Love. What is here?—some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me, Sir?

Love. Know you! ha! what is the meaning of this?—Oh, it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah, base wretch! could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I am come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood?

Cler. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, Sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman—Tell me who tempted you to it?

Cler. Ah, Sir! need I say——love.

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love, Sir.

Love. Very pretty love, indeed! the love of my guineas.

" *Cler.* Ah, Sir, think not so. Do but grant me " the free possession of what I have, and, by Heaven! " I'll never ask you more.

" *Love.* Oh, most unequalled impudence! was ever " so modest a request?

" *Cler.* All your efforts to separate us will be vain; " we have sworn never to forsake each other, and " nothing but death can part us."

Love. I don't question, Sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

Cler. By Heavens I'll die in defending my right! and, if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

Love. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you, perhaps I may.

" *Cler.* Then I am blest! Well may you say trea- " sure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich in- " deed.

" *Love.* Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds " may well be called a treasure.—Go, go, fetch it " hither; perhaps I may give it you——fetch it hi- " ther."

Cler. To shew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore.

[*Exit.*

Love. Sure never was so impudent a fellow! to confess his robbery before my face, and desire to keep what he has stolen as if he had a right to it.

Enter LAPPET.

Love. Oh, Lappet! what's the matter?

Lap. Oh, Sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think if you had married her——

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, Sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds—Well—and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, Sir—

Love. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

" *Lap.* Why, Sir, you will lose twice the value of " your contract before you know how to turn your- " self; and if you have no value for liberty, yet con- " sider, Sir, such is the great goodness of our laws, " that a prison is one of the dearest places you can " live in.

" *Love.* Ten thousand pounds!—No—I'll be " hanged, I'll be hanged."

Lap. Suppose, Sir, it were possible (not that I believe it is), but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand——

Love. Eight thousand devils take her———

Lap. But, dear Sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose you lose a sum —Let me beg you, entreat you, my dear good master! let me prevail on you, not to be ruined. Be resolute, Sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin—

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts—

Love. Why was I begotten! why was I born! why was I brought up! why was I not knocked o'th'head before I knew the value of money!

Lap. [*knocking without*] So, so, more duns I suppose—Go but into the kitchen, Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to? what shall I do? Part with eight thousand pounds! misery, de-

struction, beggary, prisons! But then, on the other side, are wife, ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way! [*Exit.*

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, Madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret I had never brought about those affairs that I have: were I not secret, Lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town!

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret?

Lap. From every one but me I believe you have: I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? did he make no offer?

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he must see me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush! I hear him coming again.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear Madam! consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and if you should stand out you will get more.

Love. [*putting his hand before* Lappet's *mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie: she never could get more, never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, Sir, you will ruin all—— Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends

for the delay; and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, Sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last; get rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? why, Sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

[*They whisper.*

" *Enter* THOMAS *and* JAMES.

[Lovegold *and* Lappet *talk apart.*

" *Tho.* Madam, the music are come which your " ladyship ordered, and most of the company will be " here immediately.

" *James.* Where will your ladyship be pleased the " servants shall eat, for there is no room in the house " that will be large enough to entertain 'em.

" *Mar.* Then beat down the partition, and turn " two rooms into one.

" *James.* There is no service in the house proper for the dessert, Madam.

" *Mar.* Send immediately to the great china shop " in the Strand for the finest that is there."

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her?

Lap. Depend on it, Sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so, Sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, Sir. [*Aside.*

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money: it is all I am worth in the world. [*Exit.*

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine, for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villany?

Lap. Ay, Madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie, for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah, Madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world—(I have sent for

a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody). [*Aside to* Lappet.

Lap. [*To* Lovegold.] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Enter FREDERICK, CLERIMONT, *and* HARRIET.

Love. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, Sir, is all the treasure I am worth; a treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money, Sir, give me the money; I say, give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not.

Love. Did you not confess you robbed me of my treasure?

Cler. This, Sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day blest me by making me her husband.

Love. How! oh, wicked vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgraced, Sir! I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large, as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the

loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly, Sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! so, go fetch my gold——

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and parcularly yours, Madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then if there were any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be a receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promised to swear she had stolen from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this?

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, Sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet; depend upon it, within an hour you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. "I "thought to have purchased a reprieve with them, "but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that "on me."

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to* Frederick.] You see, Sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family: nay, I have proved the best friend you ever had; for I presume you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady and you, and all of you; for I will have them again if law or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified, Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! If I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world——I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, or never sleep more. [*Exit.*

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now: but oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it: I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have any thing to bestow.

Mar. Do you hear him——

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him——for your late behaviour has convinced me.

Mar. Dear girl! no more; " you have frightened " me already so much to-day, that, rather than ven- " ture a second lecture, I would do whatever you " wished: so, Sir," if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natured thing you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet! no apologies; all you said I deserved.

Enter LAPPET *and* RAMILIE.

" *Lap.* Treaties are going on on both sides while " you and I seem forgotten.

" *Ram.* Why, have we not done them all the ser- " vice we can? what farther have they to do with us? —Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

" *Mar.* Some I sent for to assist in my design on

" your father: I think we will give them admittance,
" though we have done without 'em.

" *Omnes.* Oh! by all means.

" *Fred.* Mrs. Lappet, be assured I have a just
" sense of your favours, and both you and Ramilie
" shall find my gratitude." [*Dance here.*

Fred. Dear Clerimont! be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; at least I am sure avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice, but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim: the Miser endeavours to be wretched;

He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.

EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

OUR Author's sure bewitch'd! the senseless rogue
Insists, no good play wants an Epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, What's that to this?
Is yours a good one?—No, but Moliere's is,
He cry'd, and, zounds! no Epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern Epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry,
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one double entendre *left that's new;*
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise:
Then for the threadbare jokes of cit and wit,
Whose foreknown rhyme is echo'd from the pit,
Till of their laugh the galleries are bit;
Then to reproach the criticks with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire,
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies;
If these, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be
For Epilogues, they shall have none from me.
Lord, Sir! says I, the gall'ry will so bawl.
Let 'em, he cry'd; a bad one's worse than none at all.

Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in,
Nor do I see no Epilogue much hurt in.
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain.

THE

DRUMMER:

OR,

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A

COMEDY,

By JOSEPH ADDISON Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCII.

PREFACE.

HAVING recommended this Play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better, for the want of those studied similies and repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our Plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British Theatre. I believe the Author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the Play, by the opinion of better judges, to whom it was communicated, who observed, that the scenes were drawn after Moliere's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity, in several of its parts, for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee; which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praises of the Play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares, only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.

THE DRUMMER.

ABOUT this Play there has been a deal of unnecessary mystery—so much, that it has been suggested to be the work of another than the ostensible Author.—One might even argue from the mystery that the Play was ADDISON'S—The temper, both of this great man and his antagonist POPE, led them too frequently into petty intrigue; and their very instruments or second means were illustrious.

What light STEELE could throw upon this business he did.—TICKLE having omitted the Play in his Collection of ADDISON'S Works, Sir RICHARD reprobated him in a re-publication of it—affirming it to be ADDISON'S, or written by *some one* under his direction. The person may be complaining for his own credit.

The audience liked it little enough—Its own merit, or the fame of the Author, has procured it every praise but that of frequent performance, It is a natural and strong picture of life—there is nothing like wit about it—scene therefore is heard after scene, with little pleasure and less applause.

PROLOGUE.

IN this grave age, when Comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Tho' 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,
Blood and blank-verse have harden'd all your hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,
Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes;
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unsafe)
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.
Our Author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And bashful in his first attempts to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient actors in a mask conceal'd.
Censure, when no man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty Critics will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:
Good-natur'd judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend;
Each wit may praise it for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take:
But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,
Depend upon it——he'll remain incog.
If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a culprit, raise the hue and cry.

If cruel men are still averse to spare
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Tho' with a ghost our Comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd:
Oh, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil:
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of flesh and blood—as much as you.
Then, ev'ry evening, come in flocks, undaunted;
We never think this house is too much haunted.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
Sir GEORGE TRUMAN,	Mr. Aickin.
TINSEL,	Mr. Dodd.
FANTOME, the Drummer	Mr. Packer.
VELLUM, Sir GEORGE TRUMAN's Steward,	Mr. Parsons.
BUTLER,	Mr. Baddeley.
COACHMAN,	Mr. Moody.
GARDENER,	Mr. Baker.
	Women.
Lady TRUMAN,	Mrs. Hopkins.
ABIGAIL,	Miss Pope.

THE DRUMMER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A great Hall. Enter the Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardener.

Butler.

THERE came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to enquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George.——If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the drum.

Coach. I'll give madam warning, that's flat—I've always lived in sober families—I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave madam; not but that madam's a very good woman, if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil her.——Come, here's her health.

But. 'Tis a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturbed. He made such a racket in the cellar, last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

Coach. Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can—Here's to you—He rattled so loud under the tiles, last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my bed-posts. I marvel, John, how he gets into the house, when all the gates are shut.

But. Why, look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an augre-hole——he'll whisk ye through a key-hole, without so much as justling against one of the wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain; and verily believes it is my master, that was killed in the last campaign.

But. Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis Sir George. Mrs. Abigail is of opinion, it can be none but his honour. He always loved the wars; and, you know, was mightily pleased, from a child, with the music of a drum.

Gard. I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

But. Found! Why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum, without hands and arms?

Coach. 'Tis master, as sure as I stand here alive; and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town-close.

Gard. Ay! How did he appear?

Coach. Like a white horse.

But. Phoo, Robin! I tell ye, he has never appeared yet, but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

Coach. This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night, without my lanthorn, I fell across a beam that lay in my way; and faith my heart was in my mouth. I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

But. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw. Why, a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance you a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle. As I sat in the pantry, last night, counting my spoons, the candle, methought, burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch looked as if she saw something.

Coach. Ay, poor cur, she's almost frightened out of her wits.

Gard. Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him, many a time and often, when we don't.

But. My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

Gard. I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

Coach. Why, may not the parson of our parish lay him?

But. No, no, no; our parson cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he, as well as another man?

But. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified. He has not taken the oaths.

Gard. Why, d'ye think, John, that the spirit would

take the law of him? Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately.—[*Drinks.*]—I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

Coach. Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

But. Pugh, this is all froth; you understand nothing of the matter. The next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done——I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

Coach. Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

Gard. There you have it. He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his own. But, alack! what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read?

But. Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter; thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For aught I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin, to cover his drum with.

Gard. A fiddlestick! tell not me——I fear nothing, not I; I never did harm in my life; I never committed murder.

But. I verily believe thee. Keep thy temper, Peter; after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why, that's well said, John—An honest man,

that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear——Here's to ye——Why, now if he should come this minute, here would I stand——Ha! what noise is that?

But. Coach. Ha! where?

Gard. The devil! the devil! Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

But. Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigail! A good mistake; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Ab. Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house! Why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are you not at work in your garden?

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and madam fetching a walk together; and, methought, they looked as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

But. And so, forsooth, being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

Gard. For you must know, Mrs. Abigail, we are all of opinion that one cann't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

Coach. I am resolved to give madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive; but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a coach, now he walks.

But. Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright madam, and his old servants, at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I served my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it: you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

Gard. Frightened! I scorn your words: frightened quoth-a!

Ab. What, you sot, are you grown pot-valiant?

Gard. Frightened with a drum! that's a good one! It will do us no harm, I'll answer for it: it will bring no blood-shed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

But. Pr'ythee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

Ab. Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. [*Aside.*

Gard. I scorn to be frightened, now I am in for't; if old dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him———

But. Pr'ythee, hold thy tongue.

Gard. I would take him———

[*The drum beats: the Gardener endeavours to get off, and falls.*

But. Coach. Speak to it, Mrs. Abigail.

Gard. Spare my life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*

Ab. So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer—But first let me shut the door, lest we be surprised. Mr. Fantome! Mr. Fantome! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out: the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately——Don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers* Fantome *with a drum.*

Fan. Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast managed this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms and kiss thee——If my drum did not stand in my way.

Ab. Well, o' my conscience, you are the the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

Fan. There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail: Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town can not come up to.

Ab. Oh, death may have altered you, you know—Besides you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

Fan. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

Ab. 'Tis just such a one as my master received from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter informed her.

Fan. It happens luckily that this suit of clothes of Sir George's fits me so well——I think I cann't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very man——I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

Fan. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

Ab. Pray, what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him—But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismissed you for the sake of this empty noisy creature, Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

Fan. Why, really, I love thy lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

Ab. Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner for less than a thousand pounds?

Fan. Thou art always reminding me of my promise—Thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear: dost not know, that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money.

Ab. Why, truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

Fan. Dear Abigail, how I admire thy virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief's sake.

Fan. But is thy lady persuaded that I'm the ghost of her deceased husband?

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe so: and tell her, every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

Fan. Pr'ythee, make use of all thy art: for I'm tired to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat behind the wainscot.

Ab. Did not I tell you 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? There's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, besides myself.

Fan. Ah, Mrs. Abigail! you have had your intrigues——

Ab. For you must know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of hide and seek.

Fan. I believe by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

Ab. You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome: but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This place is unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner, who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I designed it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh, the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, laced shoes, and good things that

I have had in it!——Pray, take care you don't break the cherry brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

Fan. Well, Mrs. Abigail, I hire your closet of you but for this one night—A thousand pounds, you know, is a very good rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone: you have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing.

Fan. I am thinking how Tinsel will stare, when he sees me come out of the wall; for I am resolved to make my appearance to-night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

Fan. Pray, take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone, I'm undone!—[*As he is going in.*] Mr. Fantome! Mr. Fantome! have you put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hand.

Fan. Thou shalt have it; I tell thee, thou shalt have it. [Fan. *goes in.*

Ab. No more words——Vanish, vanish!

Enter Lady TRUMAN.

Ab. [*Opening the door.*] Oh, dear madam, was it you that made such a knocking? My heart does so beat—I vow you have frighted me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer.

L. Tru. I have been shewing the garden to Mr. Tinsel: he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

Ab. Indeed, madam, he's a very loose man: I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

L. Tru. Well, an infidel is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolved to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

Ab. Ah, madam, the drum began to beat in the house as soon as ever that creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addresses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than used to be———

L. Tru. This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

Ab. Ay, and should have been yours too, by my consent. Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is——Mr. Fantome was the best built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and loved you. Poor soul, how has he sighed, when he has talked to me of my hard-hearted lady.—Well, I had as lief as a thousand pounds you would marry Mr. Fantome.

L. Tru. To tell thee truly, I loved him well enough till I found he loved me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a! No—If you should, you'll be awakened sooner than married couples ge-

Tin. No fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

L. Tru. Truly, I don't know what to take him for; I am resolved to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Ab. Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour as you ordered.

L. Tru. Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of the subject more at leisure. [*Exeunt L.* Tru. *and* Tin.

Ab. Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pounds, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl——just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flattered, that's pos! My lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pounds, I shall certainly carry off the steward—Madam Vellum——how prettily that will sound! Here, bring out Madam Vellum's chaise—Nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—It will break the attorney's wife's heart——for I shall take place of every body in the parish but my lady. If I have a son, he shall be called Fantome. But see, Mr. Vellum, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter VELLUM, *with a Pint of Sack.*

Vel. Mrs. Abigail, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

Ab. Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

Vel. I have brought with me a taste of fresh canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray set it down——I have a dram-glass just by——[*Brings in a rummer.*] I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

Vel. And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigail.

Ab. Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

Vel. Mrs. Abigail, your name seldom appears in my bills——and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—you have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man!

Vel. Why, truly, Mrs. Abigail, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

Ab. Your debtor! For what, Mr. Vellum?

Vel. For my heart, Mrs. Abigail——And our accounts will not be balanced between us till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.

Vel. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

Ab. I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*]—Well, Mr. Vellum, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

Vel. How? Speak that again!

Ab. Why then, in plain English, I love you.

Vel. I am overjoy'd!

Ab. I must own my passion for you.

Vel. I'm transported! [*Catching her in his arms.*

Ab. Dear, charming man!

Vel. Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I cann't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it.—Pr'ythee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel?

Ab. Marry him, my love! No, no; we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell would send all the old servants a grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

Vel. Pr'ythee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

Ab. This drum, my dear, if it be well managed, will be no less than a thousand pounds in our way.

Vel. Ay, say'st thou so, my turtle?

Ab. Since we are now as good as man and wife——

I mean, almost as good as man and wife——I ought to conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood!

Ab. Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh; my lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

Vel. Give me your hand, chicken.

Ab. Here, take it, you have my heart already.

Vel. We shall have much issue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM *and* BUTLER.

Vellum.

JOHN, I have certain orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that—I suppose he means being sober. [*Aside.*

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses laid in a method.

But. Ay, Master Vellum! you are such a sweet-spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

Vel. Method, John, makes business easy; it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

But. How he talks! I could hear him all day.

Vel. And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically disposed for an entertainment this evening.

But. Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer?

Vel. It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer.

But. Why, look you, Master Vellum, if it is for the conjurer, the cook-maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

Vel. This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature—But he eats and drinks like other men.

But. Marry, Master Vellum, he should eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

Vel. Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man; ha, ha, ha!

But. Ha! I understand you; he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call them.

Vel. He is married, and he is not married——He hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man old and young! How do you make that out, Master Vellum?

Vel. Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

But. Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer should be like a serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

But. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

Vel. That time will shew.

But. Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou shouldst——But to our business——Let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be washed, and in a readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants are in their best liveries.

But. Ay, now I understand every word you say. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

Vel. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by—Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

But. Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon them both! She is not a double woman too?

Vel. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. Abigail, I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next: she, I am sure, speaks plain English, one may easily understand every word she says. [*Exit* Butler.

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have

an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them.—But see, Mrs. Abigail! she has a bewitching countenance; I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Ab. Ha! Mr. Vellum.

Vel. What brings my sweet one hither?

Ab. I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surprised.

Vel. That would be as much as thy thousand pounds is worth.

Ab. I'll speak low——Walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*

Vel. But hark you, duckling! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my child, that must not be! he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be waggish.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

Ab. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

Vel. Adieu, my pretty one.

Ab. Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

Vel. My pretty one——— [*As he is going off.*

Ab. Dear Mr. Vellum.

Vel. My pretty one. [*Exit.*

Ab. I have him——If I can but get this thousand pounds.

[Fant. *gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.*

Ab. Ha! Three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me. [Fantome *raps again.* Very well, I hear you: come, fox, come out of your hole.

SCENE II.

Opens, and FANTOME *comes out.*

Ab. You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

Fan. Well, Mrs. Abigail, I want to hear what's doing in the world.

Ab. You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

Fan. I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the doctor—I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

Ab. To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

Fan. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

Ab. Pray, no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments——Really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

Fan. My dear girl, I cann't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

Ab. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my lady?

Fan. Child, I always thought your lady loved to be treated with respect.

Ab. Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman, as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

Fan. Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love—And let me tell thee, Abigail, a man, who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it——But I'll mend my manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow——Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

Fan. I'm afraid, child, we ha'n't time for such a piece of mummery.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

Fan. Why then, dear Mrs. Ab—I mean, my Lady Truman.

Ab. Ay, but you ha'n't saluted me.

Fan That's right; faith, I forgot that circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] Nectar and Ambrosia!

Ab. That's very well——

Fan. How long must I be condemned to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! My life, my happiness, my all is wound up in you——

Ab. Well! why don't you squeeze my hand.

Fan. What, thus?

Ab. Thus. Ay—now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer.——You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense till you are out of breath.

Fan. Transport and ecstacy! where am I!——my life, my bliss!——I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fan. Flames and darts——Bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks, and grottos——Flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

Ab. Oh, Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! You were born for the ruin of our sex.

Fan. This will do then, Abigail?

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a lover; though I only represent my lady, I take pleasure in hearing you. Well, o'my conscience, when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pounds is as good as in my pocket.

Fan. I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

Ab. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time. Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

Fan. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! forewarn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour. [Fantome *goes in.* *Exit* Abigail.

Enter VELLUM.

Vel. Mrs. Abigail is withdrawn——I was in hopes to have heard what passed between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter TINSEL.

Tin. Vellum! Vellum!

Vel. [*Aside.*] Vellum! We are, methinks, very familiar! I am not used to be called so by any but their ho—nours——What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

Tin. Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

Vel. What is that, good sir?

Tin. Pr'ythee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

Vel. The rent-roll!

Tin. The rent-roll! Ay, the rent-roll! Dost not understand what that means?

Vel. Why, have you thoughts of purchasing of it?

Tin. Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

Vel. The purchase will be considerable.

Tin. And for that reason I have bid thy lady very

high——She is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

Vel. Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel——he, he he!

Tin. Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

Vel. [*Aside.*] An insolent companion!

Tin. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

Vel. [*Aside.*] An ungracious bird!

Tin. Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

Vel. [*Aside.*] A very profligate.

Tin. Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow some money of you.

Vel. I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. [*Aside.*] And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me.

[*Stifling a laugh.*

Tin. What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

Vel. What do you think of five hundred pounds?—Ha, ha, ha!

Tin. That's too little.

Vel. And yet it is more than I shall give you—And I will offer you two reasons for it.

Tin. Pr'ythee, what are they?

Vel. First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and, secondly, because it never will be in your disposal, and so fare thee well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular.

[*Exit* Vellum.

Tin. This rogue is as saucy as the conjurer: I'll be hanged if they are not a-kin.

Enter Lady TRUMAN.

L. Tru. Mr. Tinsel! what, all alone? You free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

Tin. No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, "the very "picture of one of our benchers." How can you bear his conversation?

L. Tru. I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

Tin. Yes, yes, he looks like a put, a queer old dog, as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

L. Tru. Indeed you're mistaken; he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

Tin. What! I suppose he goes to church.

L. Tru. Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

Tin. I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

L. Tru. Ah, Mr. Tinsel! a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

Tin. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous!

Well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou wouldst not for the world marry a sabbath-breaker!

L. Tru. Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjurer told you, you were short-liv'd.

Tin. The conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

L. Tru. Indeed, you're very witty!

"*Tin.* Indeed you're very handsome."

[*Kisses her hand.*

"*L. Tru.* I wish the fool does not love me."[*Aside.*

Tin. Thou art the idol I adore: here must I pay my devotion——Pr'ythee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

L. Tru. The most impudent fellow I ever met with.

[*Aside.*

Tin. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

L. Tru. Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man.

Tin. Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach: and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the sideboard, might be turned into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

L. Tru. You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel.—What pretty transformations you could make in my house.——But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*

Tin. Then, I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

L. Tru. I perceive you are an excellent manager—

How quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

Tin. Now, hark ye, widow, to shew you the love that I have for you———

L. Tru. Very well; let me hear.

Tin. You have an old-fashioned gold caudle cup, with a figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

L. Tru. I have:—what then?

Tin. Why, look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old saint, for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

L. Tru. Oh, you are generous to an extravagance. But, pray, Mr. Tinsel, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

Tin. My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

L. Tru. I see you do, sir; you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

Tin. Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious; and let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. "Come, that pretty face was never made to "look grave with.".

L. Tru. Believe me, sir, whatever you think, marriage is a serious subject.

Tin. For that very reason, my dear, let us run over it as fast as we can.

"*L. Tru.* I should be very much in haste for a

" husband, if I married within fourteen months after " Sir George's decease.

" *Tin.* Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question: " dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at " present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a " twelve-month hence?

" *L. Tru.* Yes; but decency, Mr. Tinsel——

" *Tin.* Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow " then, than thou art now?

" *L. Tru.* The world would say, I never loved my " first husband.

" *Tin.* Ah, my dear, they would say you loved " your second; and they would own I deserved it, for " I shall love thee most inordinately.

" *L. Tru.* But what would people think?

" *Tin.* Think! why, they would think thee the " mirror of widowhood——That a woman should " live fourteen whole months, after the decease of " her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, " about town, we know many a woman of quality's " second husband several years before the death of " the first.

" *L. Tru.* Ay, I know you wits have your com- " mon-place jests upon us poor widows."

Tin. I'll tell you a story, widow:—I know a certain lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her, while her husband was alive,

that one of them pinked the other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why, faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

L. Tru. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

Tin. Every tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

L. Tru. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

"*Tin.* Innocent enough! He, he, he! Why, "where's the difference, my dear.

"*L. Tru.* Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever "loved in my life, had a great deal of the one, and "nothing of the other in him."

Tin. Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hearest the drum by and bye.

L. Tru. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

Tin. About this time, say'st thou! Come, faith, for humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

L. Tru. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

Tin. Serious! never fear me, child; ha, ha, ha! Dost not hear him?

L. Tru. You break your word already. "Pray, "Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to shew your wit, or "your teeth?

"*Tin.* Why, both, my dear.—I'm glad, however,

" that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But " you look serious, child; I fancy thou hearest the " drum—dost not?

" *L. Tru.* Don't talk so rashly?"

Tin. Why, my dear, you could not look more frighted if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

" *L. Tru.* Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no " more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of " talking.

" *Tin.* Child, I thought I had told you what is my " opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of " tea but just now——There is no such thing, I give " thee my word.

" *L. Tru.* Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be " of great weight to those that know you.

" *Tin.* For my part, child, I have made myself easy " in those points.

" *L. Tru.* Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's " vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*

" *Tin.*" I'll tell thee what, now, widow——I would engage, by the help of a white sheet, and a pennyworth of link, in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noise is that? Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

L. Tru. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tin. 'Tis very dreadful! What a dog have I been,

to speak against my conscience only to shew my parts?

L. Tru. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not angered it, by your foolish discourse.

Tin. Indeed, madam, I did not speak from my heart. I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless raillery.

L. Tru. Harmless, d'ye call it? It beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

Tin. What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*Scene opens, and discovers* Fantome.

Mercy on us, it appears!

L. Tru. Oh, 'tis he! 'tis he himself! 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband! [*She faints.*

Tin. Now would I give ten thousand pounds that I were in town. [Fantome *advances to him, drumming*] I beg ten thousand pardons: I'll never talk at this rate any more. [Fantome *still advances, drumming.*] By my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest. [*Falls on his knees.*] Have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a coxcomb. [Fantome *points to the door.*] But see, he waves me off—Ay, with all my heart——What a devil had I to do with a white sheet? [*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

Fan. The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more.——I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make

his reverence scamper as fast as the lover; and then the day's my own. But the servants are coming; I must get into my cupboard. [*He goes in.*

Enter ABIGAIL *and Servants.*

Ab. Oh, my poor lady! This wicked drum has frighted Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward—She revives—Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my lady; but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thousand pounds, and Mr. Vellum. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir GEORGE *in his Conjurer's Habit; the* Butler *marching before him, with two large Candles; and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and another a Chair.*

Butler.

AN'T please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you

shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

Sir Geo. Thou say'st well.

Gard. An't please your conjurership's worship, shall I set the table down here?

Sir Geo. Here, Peter.

Gard. Peter!—He knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*

Coach. I have brought you, reverend sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in, when he holds a court.

Sir Geo. Place it there.

But. Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

Sir Geo Paper, and pen and ink.

But. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose; my lady's mourning paper, that is blacked at the edges. Would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

Sir Geo. There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

Coach. [*To* Gard.] Peter, pr'ythee, do thou go along with me—I'm afraid——You know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

But. Why, you don't think I'll stay with the conjurer by myself?

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir Geo. There's nothing, I see, makes such strong

alliances as fear. These fellows are all entered into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple-alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues could have found each of them an employment in fetching a pen and ink?

Enter Gardener *with a Sheet of Paper*, Coachman *with a Standish, and* Butler *with a Pen.*

Gard. Sir, there is your paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your standish.

But. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen——I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

Gard. [*Aside.*] He forgets that he's to make a circle——Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

Sir Geo. It is no matter.

But. Look ye, sir, I shewed you the spot where he's heard oftenest. If your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room——

Sir Geo. We shall try.

Gard. That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I would have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

Sir Geo. I thank thee——we shall do without it.

Gard. John, he seems a very good-natured man for a conjurer.

But. I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my

lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, sir, may I beg a word in your ear.

Sir Geo. What wouldst thou?

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

Sir Geo. Marked with a swan's neck——

But. My lady's crest! He knows every thing. [*Aside*]——How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

Sir Geo. Hum——

But. What must I do to come at it?

Sir Geo. Drink nothing but small-beer for a fortnight——

But. Small-beer! rot-gut!

Sir Geo. If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expired——it is as much——as thy spoon——is worth.

But. I shall never recover it that way——I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

Coach. D'ye mind how they whisper?

Gard. I'll be hanged if he be not asking him something about Nell——

Coach. I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbin. I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier.

But. [*To* Gard.] A prodigious man! he knows every thing. Now is the time to find out thy pick-ax.

Gard. I have nothing to give him. Does not he expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

Coach. [*To Sir* Geo.] Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

Sir Geo. Ask it.

Coach. I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched———

Sir Geo. A bay gelding.

Coach. How could he know that? [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Bought at Banbury.

Coach. Whew!——So it was, on my conscience. [*Whistles.*

Sir Geo. Six years old, last Lammas.

Coach. To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitched by Goody Crouch, or Goody Fly?

Sir Geo. Neither.

Coach. Then it must be Goody Gurton; for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

Gard. Hast thou done, Robin?

Coach. [*To* Gard.] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. [*To Sir* Geo.] Sir, I would beg to take you a little further out of hearing.

Sir Geo. Speak.

Gard. The butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love, at the same time, with a certain person.

Sir Geo. A woman.

Gard. How could he know that? [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Go on.

Gard. This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

Sir Geo. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! Where could he hear that? [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Proceed.

Gard. Now, because I used to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both———

Sir Geo. To thee.

Gard. What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Hast thou done?

Gard. I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both?

Sir Geo. Stand before me; let me survey thee round. [*Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*

Coach. Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puffed off in a whirlwind immediately.

Sir Geo. Twins, dost thou say?" [*Still turning him.*

Gard. Ay, are they both mine, d'ye think?

Sir Geo. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ay, but Mrs. Abigail will have me take care of them both—she's always for the butler.——If my poor master, Sir George, had been alive, he would have made him go halves with me.

Sir Geo. What, was Sir George a kind master?

Gard. Was he! Ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

Sir Geo. Did ye love Sir George?

But. Every body loved him.

Coach. There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death———

Gard. He was the best neighbour———

But. The kindest husband——

Coach. The most friend to the poor——

But. My lady took on mightily; we all thought it would have been the death of her——

Sir Geo. I protest these fellows melt me—I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter VELLUM.

Vel. Have you provided the doctor every thing he has occasion for?——If so——you may depart.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir Geo. I can, as yet, see no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. "I must take the advantage of my disguise, to be "thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her "happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her "till I am so." [*Aside.*] Dear Vellum, I am impatient to hear some news of my wife. How does she, after her fright?

Vel. It is a saying somewhere in my Lord Coke, that a widow——

Sir Geo. I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord Coke——Pr'ythee, tell me how she does; for I am in pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recovered. Mrs. Abigail has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

Sir Geo. That, I think, cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigail. But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have served me thus.

Vel. You will still fancy you are a living man.

Sir Geo. That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife——

Vel. You have no right in her after your demise. Death extinguishes all property—*Quoad hanc*—It is a maxim in the law.

Sir Geo. A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of Tinsel?

Vel. He rushed out of the house, called for his horse, clapped spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I can tell ten.

Sir Geo. This is whimsical enough. My wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day. Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

Vel. Even as one wedge driveth out another—He, he, he! You must pardon me for being jocular.

Sir Geo. Was there ever such a provoking blockhead? But he means me well—"Well, I must have "satisfaction of this traitor, Fantome; and cannot "take a more proper one, than by turning him out "of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame "upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he "lives."——You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands; and I have

but just time to tell it you over. All I require of you is dispatch; therefore, hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch ———.

Sir Geo. Then hear me.

Vel. It is, indeed, the life of business ——

Sir Geo. Hear me then, I say.

Vel. And, as one hath rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First ——

Sir Geo. There is no bearing this. Thou art going to describe dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

Vel. But your ho—nour will not give me the hearing ———

Sir Geo. Thou wilt not give me the hearing.

[*Angrily.*

Vel. I am still.

Sir Geo. In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigail has described the ghost to you.

Vel. It shall be done.

Sir Geo. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband. Tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

Vel. It shall be done. But since her ho—nour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir Geo. I shall expect her impatiently; for now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue, Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigail any thing of the secret.

Vel. Mrs. Abigail is a woman; there any many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention six——

Sir Geo. Hush, here she comes! Oh, my heart!

Enter Lady TRUMAN *and* ABIGAIL.

Sir Geo. [*Aside, while* Vellum *talks in dumb shew to L.* Tru.] Oh, that lov'd woman! How I long to take her in my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed. But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*

L. Tru. [*To* Vellum.] This is surprising indeed! So all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happened in the family.

Ab. [*Aside.*] A parcel of credulous fools; they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* Vel. *exchanging fond looks with* Abigail.

L. Tru. Learned sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

Sir Geo. Speak—But hold—First, let me feel your pulse.

L. Tru. What can you learn from that?

Sir Geo. I have already learned a secret from it, that will astonish you.

L. Tru. Pray, what is it?

Sir Geo. You will have a husband within this half hour.

Ab. [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear that—He must mean Mr. Fantome. I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

L. Tru. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

Sir Geo. Have courage; you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention, shall be as much alive as I am.

Ab. Mr. Fantome, to be sure. [*Aside.*

L. Tru. Impossible; I loved my first too well.

Sir Geo. You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

"*Ab.* [*Aside.*] I'll be hanged if my dear steward "has not instructed him. He means Mr. Fantome, "to be sure. The thousand pounds is our own."

L. Tru. Alas, you did not know Sir George!

Sir Geo. As well as I do myself——I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

L. Tru. This is astonishing!

Sir Geo. You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstacy did Sir George

kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your mamma!

L. Tru. Every circumstance to a tittle!

Sir Geo. Then, lady, the wedding night! I saw you in your white sattin night-gown. You would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand——You struggled——but he was too strong for you——You blushed; he——

L. Tru. Oh, stop there! go no further—He knows every thing. [*Aside.*

Ab. Truly, Mr. Conjurer, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Abigail, you know what your good word cost Sir George; a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigail.

Ab. The devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady, that I refused to take them.

Sir Geo. 'Tis true, child, he was forced to thrust them into your bosom.

Ab. This rogue will mention the thousand pounds, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, though you are a conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab.

L. Tru. Sir, since I have now no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently. It has the resemblance of my deceased husband. If there be any undiscovered secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

Sir Geo. I must, to that end, be sincerely informed

by you, whether your heart be engaged to another.—Have not you received the addresses of many lovers since his death?

L. Tru. I have been obliged to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

Sir Geo. Was not Tinsel welcome?—I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [*Aside.*

L. Tru. He was well recommended.

Sir Geo. Racks! [*Aside.*

L. Tru. Of a good family.

Sir Geo. Tortures! [*Aside.*

L. Tru. Heir to a considerable estate.

Sir Geo. Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love him?——I'm distracted! [*Aside.*

L. Tru. No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune; was base, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles.

Sir Geo. I'm recovered! [*Aside.*

Ab. Oh, madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he looked, when he left your ladyship in a swoon! Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow-chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he; for, to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the devil, says he.

Sir Geo. Well, lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest.

L. Tru. If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness

which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest——Tears will not let me go on——

Sir Geo. This quite overpowers me!—I shall discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*] Madam, you may now retire, and leave me to myself.

L. Tru. Success attend you.

Ab. I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady* Truman *and* Abigail.

Sir Geo. My heart is now at ease!—she is the same dear woman I left her. Now for my revenge upon Fantome. I shall cut the ceremonies short—A few words will do his business.—Now, let me seat myself in form—A good easy chair for a conjurer this—Now for a few mathematical scratches—A good lucky scrawl that—Faith, I think it looks very astrological—These two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a complete conjurer's scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha! Sir, are you there? Enter drummer—Now must I pore upon my paper.

Enter FANTOME, *beating his Drum.*

Pr'ythee, don't make a noise, I'm busy. [Fantome *beats.*] A pretty march! pr'ythee, beat that over again. [*He beats and advances.*] [*Rising.*] Ha! you're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. [Fantome *advances.*] How the rogue stares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hanged if he has not

been practising this half hour in Mrs. Abigail's wardrobe. [Fantome *starts, gives a rap with his drum.*] Pr'ythee, don't play the fool. [Fantome *beats.*] Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

Fan. [*Aside.*] Death! I am discovered. This jade, Abigail, has betrayed me.

Sir Geo. Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my Lady Truman.

Fan. 'Tis plain, she has told him all. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

Fan. [*To Sir* Geo.] Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learned this secret from Mrs. Abigail.

Sir Geo. I have learned it from my art.

Fan. Thy art! pr'ythee, no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces.

Sir Geo. I am not mercenary. Young man, I scorn thy gold.

Fan. I'll make them up twenty——

Sir Geo. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll rais such an apparition as shall——

Fan. An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man; I'm not to be frighted with bugbears!—

Sir Geo. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art——

Fan. Why, if thou hast any *hocus-pocus* tricks to play, why can'st thou not do them here?

Sir Geo. The raising of a spirit requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be muttered in private——

Fan. Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

Sir Geo. I will.——Attend and tremble! [*Exit.*

Fan. A very solemn old ass! but I smoke him——he has a mind to raise his price upon me.——I could not think this slut would have used me thus.—I begin to grow horribly tired of my drum. I wish I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all: I sha'n't have the mortification to see my mistress carried off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth; I must not be sparing in hush-money.——But here he comes.

Enter Sir GEORGE *in his own Habit.*

Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress, his shape, his face, the very wound of which he died! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir George.—The enemy has left me master of the field; here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall, as the trophy of the day.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Sir GEORGE *stands with his Hand before his Face, in a musing Posture.*

Ab. Yonder he is. O'my conscience, he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak? [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

Sir Geo. Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*

Ab. Oh, 'tis my master! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away, he catches her.*

Sir Geo. Good Mrs. Abigail, not so fast.

Ab. Are you alive, sir?—He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers, I feel them, I'm sure.

Sir Geo. What dost thou think?

Ab. Think, sir! think!—Troth I don't know what to think.—Pray, sir, how——

Sir Geo. No questions, good Abigail; thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time.——Where's your lady?

Ab. Oh, I'm so frighted——and so glad——

Sir Geo. Where's your lady, I ask you?——

Ab. Marry, I don't know where I am myself—I cann't forbear weeping for joy——

Sir Geo. Your lady? I say, your lady?—I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more.

Ab. Oh, she has been talking a good while with the steward.

Sir Geo. Then he has opened the whole story to her. I'm glad he has prepared her. Oh, here she comes.

Enter Lady TRUMAN, *followed by* VELLUM.

L. Tru. Where is he? Let me fly into his arms! my life! my soul! my husband!

Sir Geo. Oh, let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

L. Tru. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir Geo. My heart is too full to answer thee.

"*L. Tru.* How could you be so cruel to defer giv-
"ing me that joy which you knew I must receive
"from your presence? You have robbed my life of
"some hours of happiness that ought to have been
"in it.

"*Sir Geo.* It was to make our happiness the more
"sincere and unmixed: there will be now no doubts
"to dish it. What has been the affliction of our
"lives, has given a variety to them, and will here-
"after supply us with a thousand materials so talk of.

"*L. Tru.* I am now satisfied that it is not in the
"power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

"*Sir Geo.* And I am satisfied that it is not in the
"power of death to destroy that love which makes
"me the happiest of men."

L. Tru. Was ever woman so blessed! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage

with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir Geo. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness, which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Just as the steward told us, lads!—Look you there, if he ben't with my lady already?

Gard. He, he, he! what a joyful night will this be for madam.

Coach. As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisked by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour!

Gard. Hast thou given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy head about that, it is done.

Sir Geo. [*To Lady* Tru.] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

But. Ah, bless your honour, may you never die again!

Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a widow, who, of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man, contrives two wedding nights;
Nay, to oblige the sex in ev'ry state,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.
Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supply'd the stage:
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
Our author deals not in conceits so stale:
For should th' examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, though true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jest, though he should love his spouse.
Thus has he done you British consorts right,
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

THE END.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT;

OR,

THE SICK LADY's CURE.

A

COMEDY,

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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MDCCXCII.

PROLOGUE.

COULD those, who never try'd, conceive the sweat,
The toil requir'd, to make a Play complete;
They'd pardon, or encourage all that could
Pretend to be but tolerably good.
Plot, Wit, and Humour's hard to meet in one,
And yet, without 'em all——all's lamely done:
One Wit, perhaps, another Humour paints;
A third designs you well, but Genius wants;
A fourth begins with fire—but, ah! too weak to hold it,
faints.
A modern Bard, who late adorn'd the bays,
Whose muse advanc'd his fame to envy'd praise,
Was still observ'd to want his judgment most in plays.
Those, he too often found, required the pain,
And stronger forces of a vig'rous brain:
Nay, even alter'd Plays, like old houses mended,
Cost little less than new, before they're ended;
At least, our Author finds the experience true,
For equal pains has made this wholly new:
And tho' the Name *seems old, the* Scenes *will show*
That 'tis, in fact, no more the same, than now
Fam'd Chatsworth is, what 'twas some years ago.
Pardon the boldness, that a Play should dare,
With works of so much wonder to compare:

But as that fabric's ancient, walls or wood
Were little worth, to make this new one good;
So of this Play, we hope, 'tis understood.
For tho' from former Scenes *some hints he draws,*
The ground-plot's wholly chang'd from what it was:
Not but he hopes you'll find enough that's new,
In plot, in persons, wit, and humour too:
Yet what's not his, he owns in other's right,
Nor toils he now for fame, but your delight.
If that's attain'd, what's the matter whose the Play's;
Applaud the Scenes, *and strip him of the praise.*

THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

THIS Play was at first vehemently disapproved by the audience, in short, run down; two years after, it found such an audience as it deserved, and has continued a stock play ever since 1709.

COLLEY CIBBER, who always borrowed from every body that could lend, has here made free with Mrs. CENTLIVRE'S *Love at a Venture*, or the French play of the same title, as his own; and also with something from BURNABY'S *Visiting Day*.

Managers of Companies who write, object to this practice in every author but themselves.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir SOLOMON SADLIFE,	Mr. Quick.
CLERIMONT,	Mr. Macready.
CARELESS,	Mr. Farren.
ATALL,	Mr. Lewis.
Old Mr. WILFUL,	Mr. Cubitt.
Sir HARRY ATALL,	Mr. Thompson.
SUPPLE,	Mr. Cross.
Dr. BLISTER,	Mr. Powell.
RHUBARB,	Mr. C. Powell.
FINDER,	Mr. Bernard.

Women.

Lady DAINTY,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Lady SADLIFE,	Mrs. Pope.
CLARINDA,	Mrs. Bernard.
SYLVIA,	Mrs. Merry.
WISHWELL,	Mrs. Harlowe.
SITUP,	Miss Stuart.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Park. Enter CLERIMONT *and* ATALL.

Clerimont.

MR. ATALL, your very humble servant.

At. O, Clerimont, such an adventure! I was just going to your lodgings; such a transporting accident! in short, I am now positively in love for altogether.

Cler. All the sex together, I believe.

At. Nay, if thou dost not believe me, and stand my friend, I am ruin'd past redemption.

Cler. Dear sir, if I stand your friend without believing you, won't that do as well? But why should you think I don't believe you? I have seen you twice in love within this fortnight; and it would be hard indeed to suppose a heart of so much mettle could not hold out a third engagement.

At. Then, to be serious, in one word, I am honourably in love; and, if she proves the woman I am sure she must, will positively marry her.

Cler. Marry! O degenerate virtue!

At. Now, will you help me?

Cler. Sir, you may depend upon me. Pray give me leave first to ask a question or two. What is this honourable lady's name?

At. Faith, I don't know.

Cler. What are her parents?

At. I cann't tell.

Cler. What fortune has she?

At. I don't know.

Cler. Where does she live?

At. I cann't tell.

Cler. A very concise account of the person you design to marry. Pray, sir, what is it you do know of her?

At. That I'll tell you. Coming yesterday from Greenwich by water, I overtook a pair of oars, whose lovely freight was one single lady, and a fellow in a handsome livery in the stern. When I came up, I had at first resolved to use the privilege of the element, and bait her with waterman's wit, till I came to the bridge; but, as soon as she saw me, she very prudently prevented my design; and, as I passed, bowed to me with an humble blush, that spoke at once such sense, so just a fear, and modesty, as put the loosest of my thoughts to rout. And when she found her fears had moved me into manners, the cautious gloom that sat upon her beauties disappeared; her sparkling eyes resumed their native fire; she looked, she smiled, she talked, while her diffusive

charms new fired my heart, and gave my soul a softness it never felt before.——To be brief, her conversation was as charming as her person, both easy, unconstrained, and sprightly: but then her limbs! O rapturous thought! The snowy down upon the wings of unfledged love had never half that softness.

Cler. Raptures indeed. Pray, sir, how came you so well acquainted with her limbs?

At. By the most fortunate misfortune sure that ever was: for, as we were shooting the bridge, her boat, by the negligence of the waterman, running against the piles, was overset; out jumps the footman to take care of a single rogue, and down went the poor lady to the bottom. My boat being before her, the stream drove her, by the help of her clothes, toward me; at sight of her I plunged in, caught her in my arms, and, with much ado, supported her till my waterman pulled in to save us. But the charming difficulty of her getting into the boat, gave me a transport that all the wide water in the Thames had not power to cool; for, sir, while I was giving her a lift into the boat, I found the floating of her clothes had left her lovely limbs beneath as bare as a new-born Venus rising from the sea.

Cler. What an impudent happiness art thou capable of!

At. When she was a little recovered from her fright, she began to enquire my name, abode, and circumstances, that she might know to whom she owed her life and preservation. Now, to tell you the

truth, I durst not trust her with my real name, lest she should from thence have discovered that my father was now actually under bonds to marry me to another woman; so, faith, I even told her my name was Freeman, a Gloucestershire gentleman, of a good estate, just come to town about a chancery suit. Besides, I was unwilling any accident should let my father know of my being yet in England, lest he should find me out, and force me to marry the woman I never saw (for which, you know, he commanded me home) before I have time to prevent it.

Cler. Well, but could you not learn the lady's name all this while?

At. No, faith, she was inexorable to all intreaties; only told me in general terms, that if what I vowed to her was sincere, she would give me a proof in a few days what hazards she would run to requite my services; so, after having told her where she might hear of me, I saw her into a chair, pressed her by the cold rosy fingers, kissed them warm, and parted.

Cler. What, then you are quite off with the lady, I suppose, that you made an acquaintance with in the Park last week?

At. No, no; not so neither: one's my Juno, all pride and beauty; but this my Venus, all life, love, and softness. Now, what I beg of thee, dear Clerimont, is this: Mrs. Juno, as I told you, having done me the honour of a civil visit or two at my own lodgings, I must needs borrow thine to entertain Mrs. Venus in; for if the rival goddesses should meet and

clash, you know there would be the devil to do between them.

Cler. Well, sir, my lodgings are at your service:—but you must be very private and sober, I can tell you; for my landlady's a Presbyterian; if she suspects your design, you're blown up, depend upon't.

At. Don't fear; I'll be as careful as a guilty conscience: but I want immediate possession; for I expect to hear from her every moment, and have already directed her to send thither. Pr'ythee, come with me.

Cler. 'Faith you must excuse me; I expect some ladies in the Park that I would not miss of for an empire: but yonder's my servant, he shall conduct you.

At. Very good! that will do as well then; I'll send my man along with him to expect her commands, and call me if she sends: and in the mean time I'll e'en go home to my own lodgings; for, to tell you the truth, I expect a small message there from my goddess imperial. And I am not so much in love with my new bird in the bush, as to let t'other fly out of my hand for her.

Cler. And pray, sir, what name does your goddess imperial, as you call her, know you by?

At. O, sir, with her I pass for a man of arms, and am called Colonel Standfast; with my new face, John Freeman of Flatland-Hall, esq.——But time flies: I must leave you.

Cler. Well, dear Atall, I'm yours——Good luck to

you. [*Exit* At.]——What a happy fellow is this, that owes his success with the women purely to his inconstancy? Here comes another too, almost as happy as he, a fellow that's wise enough to be but half in love, and make his whole life a studied idleness.

Enter CARELESS.

So, Careless! you're constant, I see, to your morning's saunter.——Well, how stand matters?—I hear strange things of thee; that after having railed at marriage all thy life, thou hast resolved to fall into the noose at last.

Care. I don't see any great terror in the noose, as you call it, when a man's weary of liberty: the liberty of playing the fool, when one's turned of thirty, is not of much value.

Cler. Hey-day! Then you begin to have nothing in your head now, but settlements, children, and the main chance?

Care. Even so, faith; but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forced very often to make my way though pills, elixirs, bolus's, ptisans, and gallipots.

Cler. What, is your mistress an apothecary's widow?

Care. No, but she is an apothecary's shop, and keeps as many drugs in her bed-chamber; she has her physic for every hour of the day and night——for 'tis vulgar, she says to be a moment in rude and perfect health. Her bed lined with poppies; the black boys at the feet, that the healthy employ to bear flow-

ers in their arms, she loads with diascordium, and other sleepy potions: her sweet bags, instead of the common and offensive smells of musk and amber, breathe nothing but the more modish and salubrious scents of hartshorn, rue, and assafœtida.

Cler. Why, at this rate, she's only fit to be the consort of Hippocrates. But, pray, what other charms has this extraordinary lady?

Care. She has one, Tom, that a man may relish without being so deep a physician.

Cler. What's that?

Care. Why, two thousand pounds a year.

Cler. No vulgar beauty, I confess, sir. But canst thou for any consideration throw thyself into this hospital, this box of physic, and lie all night like leaf-gold upon a pill?

Care. O, dear sir, this is not half the evil; her humour is as fantastic as her diet; nothing that is English must come near her; all her delight is in foreign impertinencies: her rooms are all of Japan or Persia, her dress Indian, and her equipage are all monsters: the coachman came over with his horses, both from Rusisa, Flanders are too common; the rest of her trim are a motley crowd of blacks, tawny, olives, feulamots, and pale blues: in short, she's for any thing that comes from beyond sea; her greatest monsters are those of her own country; and she's in love with nothing o' this side the line, but the apothecaries.

Cler. Apothecaries quotha! why your fine lady, for

aught I see, is a perfect dose of folly and physic; in a month's time she'll grow like an antimonial cup, and a kiss will be able to work with you.

Care. But to prevent that, Tom, I design upon the wedding-day to break all her gallipots, kick the doctor down stairs, and force her, instead of physic, to take a hearty meal of a swinging rump of boiled beef and carrots, and so 'faith I have told her.

Cler. That's something familiar: are you so near man and wife?

Care. O nearer; for I sometimes plague her till she hates the very sight of me.

Cler. Ha, ha! very good! So being a very troublesome lover, you pretend to cure her of her physic by a counter poison.

Care. Right; I intend to see a doctor to prescribe to her an hour of my conversation to be taken every night and morning; and this to be continued till her fever of aversion's over.

Cler. An admirable recipe!

Care. Well, Tom, but how stands thy own affair? Is Clarinda kind yet?

Cler. Faith I cannot say she's absolutely kind, but she's pretty near it: for she's grown so ridiculously ill-humoured to me of late, that if she keeps the same airs a week longer, I am in hopes to find as much ease from her folly, as my constancy would from her good-nature.——But to be plain, I'm afraid I have some secret rival in the case; for women's vanity seldom gives them courage enough to use an old lover

heartily ill, till they are first sure of a new one, that they intend to use better.

Care. What says Sir Solomon? He is your friend, I presume?

Cler. Yes; at least I can make him so when I please: there is an odd five hundred pound in her fortune, that he has a great mind should stick to his fingers, when he pays in the rest on't; which I am afraid I must comply with, for she cann't easily marry without his consent.——And yet she's so altered in her behaviour of late, that I scarce know what to do.——Pr'ythee take a turn and advise me.

Care. With all my heart. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Changes to Sir SOLOMON SADLIFE'S *House. Enter Sir* SOLOMON, *and* SUPPLE *his man.*

Sir Sol. Supple, dost not thou perceive I put a great confidence in thee?——I trust thee with my bosom secrets.

Sup. Yes, sir.

Sir Sol. Ah, Supple! I begin to hate my wife——but be secret——

Sup. I'll never tell while I live, sir.

Sir Sol. Nay, then I'll trust thee further. Between thee and I, Supple, I have reason to believe my wife hates me too.

Sup. Ah, dear sir! I doubt that's no secret; for

Sup. No, sir, nor the impertinence of that great fat creature, my Lady Swill-Tea.

Sir Sol. And her squinting daughter.—No, Supple, after this night, nothing in petticoats shall come within ten yards of my doors.

Sup. Nor in breeches neither.

Sir Sol. Only Mr. Clerimont; for I expect him to sign articles with me for the five hundred pounds he is to give me, for that ungovernable jade my niece Clarinda.——But now to my own affairs. I'll step into the park, and see if I can meet with my hopeful spouse there. I warrant, engaged in some innocent freedom, as she calls it, as walking in a mask, to laugh at the impertinencies of fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely, I'm afraid, a plot to intrigue with those that do. Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

CLARINDA's *Apartment.* *Enter* CLARINDA *and* SYLVIA.

Clarinda.

HA, ha! poor Sylvia!

Syl. Nay, pr'ythee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for inclination: for if there were, you know, why should it be a greater folly in me, to fall in love with a man I never saw but once in my life, than it is in you to resist an honest gentleman, whose

fidelity has deserved your heart an hundred times over.

Clar. Ah, but an utter stranger, cousin, and one that, for aught you know, may be no gentleman.

Syl. That's impossible: his conversation could not be counterfeit. An elevated wit, and good breeding, have a natural lustre that's inimitable. Beside, he saved my life at the hazard of his own; so that part of what I give him, is but gratitude.

"*Clar.* Well;—you are the first woman that ever "took fire in the middle of the Thames, sure." But suppose now he is married, and has three or four children.

Syl. Psha! pr'ythee don't tease me with so many ill-natured objections. I tell you he is not married: I am sure he is not: for I never saw a face look more in humour in my life. Beside, he told me himself, he was a country gentleman, just come to town upon business: and I am resolved to believe him.

Clar. Well, well; I'll suppose you both as fit for one another as a couple of tallies. But, still, my dear, you know there's a surly old father's command against you; he is in articles to marry you to another: and though I know love is a notable contriver, I cann't see how you'll get over that difficulty.

Syl. 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of your assistance, dear Clarinda, I am still in hopes to bring it to an even wager, I prove as wise as my father.

Clar. Nay, you may be sure of me; you may see

by the management of my own amours, I have so natural a compassion for disobedience, I sha'n't be able to refuse you any thing in distress.—There's my hand; tell me how I can serve you?

Syl. Why thus:——because I would not wholly discover myself to him at once, I have sent him a note to visit me here, as if these lodgings were my own.

Clar. Hither! to my lodging! 'Twas well I sent Colonel Standfast word I should not be at home.

[*Aside.*

Syl. I hope you'll pardon my freedom, since one end of my taking it too, was to have your opinion of him before I engage any farther.

Clar. Oh, it needs no apology; any thing of mine is at your service.——I am only afraid my troublesome lover, Mr. Clerimont, should happen to see him, who is of late so impertinently jealous of a rival, though from what cause I know not——not but I lie too. [*Aside.*] I say, should he see him, your country gentleman would be in danger, I can tell you.

Syl. Oh, there's no fear of that; for I have ordered him to be brought in the back way: when I have talked with him a little alone, I'll find an occasion to leave him with you; and then we'll compare our opinions of him.

Enter a Servant to CLARINDA.

Serv. Madam, my Lady Sadlife. [*Exit.*

Syl. Psha! she here!

Clar. Don't be uneasy; she sha'n't disturb you: I'll take care of her.

Enter Lady SADLIFE.

L. Sad. Oh, my dears, you have lost the sweetest morning, sure, that ever peeped out of the firmament. The park never was in such perfection.

Clar. 'Tis always so when your ladyship's there.

L. Sad. 'Tis never so without my dear Clarinda.

Syl. How civilly we women hate one another! [*Aside.*] Was there a good deal of company, madam?

L. Sad. Abundance! and the best I have seen this season: for 'twas between twelve and one, the very hour you know when the mob are violently hungry. Oh, the air was so inspiring! so amorous! And to complete the pleasure, I was attacked in conversation by the most charming, modest, agreeably insinuating young fellow, sure, that ever woman played the fool with.

Clar. Who was it?

L. Sad. Nay, Heaven knows; his face is as entirely new as his conversation. What wretches our young fellows are to him!

Syl. What sort of a person?

L. Sad Tall, straight, well-limbed, walked firm, and a look as cheerful as a May-day morning.

Syl. The picture's very like: pray Heaven it is not my gentleman's! [*Aside.*

Clar. I wish this don't prove my colonel. [*Aside.*

Syl. How came you to part with him so soon?

L. Sad. Oh, name it not! that eternal damper of all pleasure, my husband, Sir Solomon, came into the Mall in the very crisis of our conversation.—I saw him at a distance, and complained that the air grew tainted, that I was sick o'th' sudden, and left him in such abruptness and confusion, as if he had been himself my husband.

Clar. A melancholy disappointment, indeed!

L. Sad. Oh, 'tis a husband's nature to give them.

A Servant enters and whispers SYLVIA.

Syl. Desire him to walk in.—Cousin, you'll be at hand.

Clar. In the next room.——Come, madam, Sylvia has a little business: I'll shew you some of the sweetest, pretiest figured china.

L. Sad. My dear, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt L.* Sad. *and* Clar.

Enter ATALL, *as Mr.* FREEMAN.

Syl. You find, sir, I have kept my word in seeing you; 'tis all you yet have asked of me; and when I know 'tis in my power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in honour I shall refuse you.

At. This generous offer, madam, is so high an obligation, that it were almost mean in me to ask a farther favour. But 'tis a lover's merit to be a miser in his wishes and grasp at all occasions to enrich

them. I own I feel your charms too sensibly prevail, but dare not give a loose to my ambitious thoughts, 'till I have passed one dreadful doubt that shakes them.

Syl. If 'tis in my power to clear it, ask me freely.

At. I tremble at the trial; and yet, methinks, my fears are vain: but yet to kill or cure them once for ever, be just and tell me——are you married?

Syl. If that can make you easy, no.

At. 'Tis ease indeed—nor are you promised, nor your heart engaged?

Syl. That's hard to tell you: but to be just, I own my father has engaged my person to one I never saw; and my heart I fear is inclining to one he never saw.

At. Oh, yet be merciful, and ease my doubt; tell me the happy man that has deserved so exquisite a blessing.

Syl That, sir, requires some pause: first tell me why you're so inquisitive, without letting me know the condition of your own heart.

At. In every circumstance my heart's the same with yours; 'tis promised to one I never saw, by a commanding father, who, by my firm hopes of happiness, I am resolved to disobey, unless your cruelty prevents it.

Syl. But my disobedience would beggar me.

At. Banish that fear. I'm heir to a fortune will support you like yourself.—May I not know your family.

Syl. Yet you must not.

At. Why that nicety? Is not it in my power to inquire whose house this is when I am gone?

Syl. And be never the wiser. These lodgings are a friend's, and are only borrowed on this occasion: but to save you the trouble of any further needless questions, I will make you one proposal. I have a young lady here within, who is the only confident of my engagements to you: on her opinion I rely; nor can you take it ill, if I take no farther steps without it: 'twould be miserable indeed should we both meet beggars. I own your actions and appearance merit all you can desire; let her be as well satisfied of your pretensions and condition, and you shall find it sha'n't be a little fortune shall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an offer exceeds my hopes.

Syl. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Desire my cousin Clarinda to walk in.

At. Ha! Clarinda! If it should be my Clarinda now, I'm in a sweet condition——by all that's terrible the very she!—this was finely contrived of fortune. [*Aside.*

Enter CLARINDA.

Clar. Defend me! Colonel Standfast!—She has certainly discovered my affairs with him, and has a mind to insult me by an affected resignation of her pretensions to him.—I'll disappoint her—I won't know him. [*Aside.*

Syl. Cousin, pray, come forward; this is the gentleman I am so much obliged to—sir, this lady is a relation of mine, and the person we were speaking of.

At. I shall be proud to be better known among any of your friends. [*Salutes her.*

Clar. Soh! he takes the hint, I see, and seems not to know me neither: I know not what to think—I am confounded!—I hate both him and her.—How unconcerned he looks! Confusion! he addresses her before my face.

Lady SADLIFE *peeping in.*

L. Sad. What do I see? The pleasant young fellow that talked with me in the park just now! This is the luckiest accident! I must know a little more of him. [*Retires.*

Syl. Cousin, and Mr. Freeman, I think I need not make any apology—you both know the occasion of my leaving you together—in a quarter of an hour I'll wait on you again. [*Exit* Syl.

At. So! I'm in a hopeful way now, faith;—but buff's the word: I'll stand it.

Clar. Mr. Freeman! So, my gentleman has changed his name too! How harmless he looks!—I have my senses sure, and yet the demureness of that face looks as if he had a mind to persuade me out of them. I could find in my heart to humour his assurance, and see how far he'll carry it——Will not you please to sit, sir? [*They sit.*

At. What the devil can this mean?—Sure she has

a mind to counterface me, and not know me too—— With all my heart: if her ladyship won't know me, I'm sure 'tis not my business at this time to know her. [*Aside.*

Clar. Certainly that face is cannon proof, [*Aside.*

At. Now for a formal speech, as if I had never seen her in my life before. [*Aside.*] Madam—a-hem! Madam—I—a-hem!

Clar. Curse of that steady face. [*Aside.*

At. I say, madam, since I am an utter stranger to you, I am afraid it will be very difficult for me to offer you more arguments than one to do me a friendship with your cousin; but if you are, as she seems to own you, her real friend, I presume you can't give her a better proof of your being so, than pleading the cause of a sincere and humble lover, whose tender wishes never can propose to taste of peace in life without her.

Clar. Umph! I'm choked. [*Aside.*

At. She gave me hopes, that when I had satisfied you of my birth and fortune, you would do me the honour to let me know her name and family.

Clar. Sir, I must own you are the most perfect master of your art, that ever entered the lists of assurance.

At. Madam!

Clar. And I don't doubt but you'll find it a much easier task to impose upon my cousin, than me.

At. Impose, madam! I should be sorry any thing I have said could disoblige you into such hard

thoughts of me. Sure, madam, you are under some misinformation.

Clar. I was indeed, but now my eyes are open; for, 'till this minute, I never knew that the gay Colonel Standfast, was the demure Mr. Freeman.

At. Colonel Standfast! This is extremely dark, madam.

Clar. This jest is tedious, sir—impudence grows dull, when 'tis so very extravagant.

At. Madam, I am a gentleman—but not yet wise enough, I find, to account for the humours of a fine lady.

Clar. Troth, sir, on second thoughts I begin to be a little better reconciled to your assurance; 'tis in some sort modesty to deny yourself; for to own your perjuries to my face, had been an insolence transcendently provoking.

At. Really, madam, my not being able to apprehend one word of all this, is a great inconvenience to my affair with your cousin: but if you will first do me the honour to make me acquainted with her name and family, I don't much care if I do take a little pains afterwards to come to a right understanding with you.

Clar. Come, come, since you see this assurance will do you no good, you had better put on a simple look, and generously confess your frailties: the same slyness that deceived me first, will still find me woman enough to pardon you.

At. That bite won't do [*Aside.*] Sure, madam, you mistake me for some other person.

Clar. Insolent! audacious villain! I am not to have my senses then!

At. No. [*Aside.*

Clar. And you are resolved to stand it to the last!

At. The last extremity. [*Aside.*

Clar. Well, sir, since you are so much a stranger to Colonel Standfast, I'll tell you where to find him, and tell him this from me; I hate him, scorn, detest, and loath him: I never meant him but at best for my diversion, and should he ever renew his dull addresses to me, I'll have him used as his vain insolence deserves. Now, sir, I have no more to say, and I desire you would leave the house immediately.

At. I would not willingly disoblige you, madam, but 'tis impossible to stir 'till I have seen your cousin, and cleared myself of these strange aspersions.

Clar. Don't flatter yourself, sir, with so vain a hope, for I must tell you, once for all, you've seen the last of her; and if you won't be gone, you'll oblige me to have you forced away.

At. I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*] Well, madam, since I find nothing can prevail upon your cruelty, I'll take my leave: but as you hope for justice on the man that wrongs you, at least be faithful to your lovely friend. And when you have named to her my utmost guilt, yet paint my passion as it is, sincere. Tell her what tortures I endured in this severe ex-

clusion from her sight, that till my innocence is clear to her, and she again receives me into mercy,

A madman's frenzy's heav'n to what I feel;
The wounds you give 'tis she alone can heal. [Exit.

Clar. Most abandoned impudence! And yet I know not which vexes me most, his out-facing my senses, or his insolent owning his passion for my cousin to my face: 'tis impossible she could put him upon this, it must be all his own; but be it as it will, by all that's woman I'll have revenge. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ATALL *and Lady* SADLIFE *at the other side.*

At. Hey-day! is there no way down stairs here? Death! I cann't find my way out! This is the oddest house——

L. Sad. Here he is—I'll venture to pass by him.

At. Pray, madam, which is the nearest way out?

L. Sad. Sir, out——a——

At. Oh, my stars! is't you, madam, this is fortunate indeed—I beg you'll tell me, do you live here, madam?

L. Sad. Not very far off, sir: but this is no place to talk with you alone—indeed I must beg your pardon.

At. By all those kindling charms that fire my soul, no consequence on earth shall make me quit my hold, till you've given me some kind assurance that I shall see you again, and speedily; 'egad I'll have one out of the family at least.

L. Sad. Oh, good, here's company!

At. Oh, do not rack me with delays, but quick, before this dear short-lived opportunity's lost, inform me where you live, or kill me: to part with this soft white hand is ten thousand daggers to my heart.

[*Kissing it eagerly.*

L. Sad. Oh, lud! I am going home this minute; and if you should offer to dog my chair, I protest I ——was ever such usage——lord——sure! Oh—follow me down then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter CLARINDA, *and* SYLVIA.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. Nay, you may laugh, madam, but what I tell you is true.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. Yon don't believe then?

Syl. I do believe, that when some women are inclined to like a man, nothing more palpably discovers it, than their railing at him; ha, ha!—Your pardon, cousin; you know you laughed at me just now upon the same occasion.

Clar. The occasion's quite different, madam; I hate him. And, once more I tell you, he's a villain, you're imposed on. He's a colonel of foot, his regiment's now in Spain, and his name's Standfast.

Syl. But pray, good cousin, whence had you this intelligence of him?

Clar. From the same place that you had your false account madam, his own mouth.

Syl. What was his business with you?

Clar. Much about the same, as his business with you——love.

Syl. Love! to you!

Clar. Me, madam! Lord, what am I? Old, or a monster! Is it so prodigious that a man should like me?

Syl. No! but I'm amazed to think, if he had liked you, he should leave you so soon, for me!

Clar. For you! leave me for you! No, madam, I did not tell you that neither! ha, ha!

Syl. No! What made you so violently angry with him then? Indeed, cousin, you had better take some other fairer way; this artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you see I can be still a friend; prove him to be what you say he is, and my engagements with him shall soon be over.

Clar. Look you, madam, not but I slight the tenderest of his addresses; but to convince you that my vanity was not mistaken in him, I'll write to him by the name of Colonel Standfast, and do you the same by that of Freeman; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady Sadlife's at the same time: if these appear two different men, I think our dispute's easily at an end; if but one, and he does not own all I have said of him to your face, I'll make you a very humble curtesy, and beg your pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your ladyship the same reverence, and beg yours.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Clar. Psha! he here!

Cler. I am glad to find you in such good company, madam.

Clar. One's seldom long in good company, sir.

Cler. I am sorry mine has been so troublesome of late; but I value your ease at too high a rate, to disturb it. [*Going.*

Syl. Nay, Mr. Clerimont, upon my word you sha'n't stir. Hark you—[*Whispers.*] Your pardon, cousin.

Clar. I must not lose him neither—Mr. Clerimont's way is, to be severe in his construction of people's meaning.

Syl. I'll write my letter, and be with you, cousin. [*Exit.*

Cler. It was always my principle, madam, to have an humble opinion of my merit; when a woman of sense frowns upon me, I ought to think I deserve it.

Clar. But to expect to be always received with a smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary opinion of one's merit.

Cler. We differ a little as to fact, madam: for these ten day's past, I have had no distinction, but a severe reservedness. You did not use to be so sparing of your good-humour; and while I see you gay to all the world but me, I can't but be a little concerned at the change.

Clar. If he has discovered the colonel now, I'm undone! he could not meet him, sure.——I must hu-

mour him a little. [*Aside.*] Men of your sincere temper, Mr. Clerimont, I own, don't always meet with the usage they deserve: but women are giddy things, and had we no errors to answer for, the use of good-nature in a lover would be lost. Vanity is our inherent weakness: you must not chide, if we are sometimes fonder of your passions than your prudence.

Cler. This friendly condescension makes me more your slave than ever. Oh, yet be kind, and tell me, have I been tortured with a groundless jealousy?

Clar. Let your own heart be judge——but don't take it ill if I leave you now—I have some earnest business with my cousin Sylvia: but to-night at my Lady Dainty's I'll make you amends; you'll be there.

Cler. I need not promise you.

Clar. Your servant.—Ah, how easily is poor sincerity imposed on! Now for the colonel. [*Aside. Exit.*

Cler. This unexpected change of humour more stirs my jealousy than all her late severity.——I'll watch her close;

For she that from a just reproach is kind,
Gives more suspicion of her guilty mind,
And throws her smiles, like dust, to strike the lover blind.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady DAINTY*'s Apartment: a Table, with Phials, Gallipots, Glasses, &c. Lady* DAINTY, *and* SITUP *her Woman.*

Lady Dainty.

SITUP! Situp!

Sit. Madam!

L. Dain. Thou art strangely slow; I told thee the hartshorn; I have the vapours to that degree!

Sit. If you ladyship would take my advice you should e'en fling your physic out of the window; if you were not in perfect health in three days, I'd be bound to be sick for you.

L. Dain. Peace, goody impertinence! I tell thee, no woman of quality is, or should be in perfect health ——Huh, huh! [*Coughs faintly.*] To be always in health is as vulgar as to be always in humour, and would equally betray one's want of wit and breeding: ——where are the fellows?

Sit. Here, Madam——

Enter two Footmen.

L. Dain. Cæsar!—run to my Lady Roundsides; desire to know how she rested; and tell her the violence of my cold is abated: huh, huh! Pompey, step you to my Lady Killchairman's; give my service; say, I have been so embarrassed with the spleen all this

morning, that I am under the greatest uncertainty in the world, whether I shall be able to stir out or no—And, d'ye hear; desire to know how my lord does, and the new monkey—— [*Exeunt Footmen.*

Sit. In my conscience, these great ladies make themselves sick to make themselves business; and are well or ill, only in ceremony to one another. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. Where's t'other fellow?

Sit. He is not returned yet, madam.

L. Dain. 'Tis indeed a strange lump, not fit to carry a disease to any body; I sent him t'other day to the Dutchess of Diet-Drink with the cholic, and the brute put it into his own tramontane language, and called it the belly-ach.

Sit. I wish your ladyship had not occasion to send for any; for my part——

L. Dain. Thy part!——pr'ythee, thou wert made of the rough masculine kind; 'tis betraying our sex not to be sickly and tender. All the families I visit have something derived to them from the elegant nice state of indisposition; you see, even in the men, a genteel, as it were, stagger, or twine of the bodies; as if they were not yet confirmed enough for the rough laborious exercise of walking, "a lazy saunter "in their motion, something so quality! and their "voices so soft and low, you'd think they were fall-"ing asleep, they are so very delicate.

"*Sit.* But, methinks, madam, it would be better if "the men were not altogether so tender.

"*L. Dain.* Indeed, I have sometimes wished the "creatures were not, but that the niceness of their "frame so much distinguishes them from the herd of "common people:" nay, even most of their diseases, you see, are not prophaned by the crowd: the apoplexy, the gout, and vapours, are all peculiar to the nobility.——Huh, huh! and I could almost wish, that colds were only ours;——there's something in them so genteel, so agreeably disordering——huh, huh!

Sit. That, I hope, I shall never be fit for them—Your ladyship forgot the spleen.

L. Dain. Oh!——my dear spleen——I grudge that even to some of us.

Sit. I knew an ironmonger's wife, in the city, that was mightily troubled with it.

L. Dain. Foh! What a creature hast thou named! An ironmonger's wife have the spleen! Thou mightest as well have said her husband was a fine gentleman——Give me something.

Sit. Will your ladyship please to take any of the steel drops? or the bolus? or the electuary? or——

L. Dain. This wench will smother me with questions——huh, huh! bring any of them———these healthy sluts are so boisterous, they split one's brains: I fancy myself in an inn while she talks to me; I must have some decayed person of quality about me; for the commons of England are the strangest creatures ———huh, huh!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Sylvia, madam, is come to wait on your ladyship.

L. Dain. Desire her to walk in; let the physic alone: I'll take a little of her company; she's mighty good for the spleen.

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. Dear Lady Dainty!

L. Dain. My good creature, I'm overjoyed to see you—huh, huh!

Syl. I am sorry to see your ladyship wrapt up thus; I was in hopes to have had your company to the Indian house.

L. Dain. If any thing could tempt me abroad, 'twould be that place, and such agreeable company; but how came you, dear Sylvia, to be reconciled to any thing in an Indian house? you used to have a most barbarous inclination for our own odious manufactures.

Syl. Nay, madam, I am only going to recruit my tea-table: as to the rest of their trumpery, I am as much out of humour with it as ever.

L. Dain. Well, thou art a pleasant creature, thy distaste is so diverting.

Syl. And your ladyship is so expensive, that really I am not able to come into it.

L. Dain. Now it is to me prodigious! how some

women can muddle away their money upon housewifery, children, books, and charities, when there are so many well-bred ways, and foreign curiosities, that more elegantly require it—I have every morning the rarities of all countries brought to me, and am in love with every new thing I see.—Are the people come yet, Situp?

Sit. They have been below, madam, this half hour.

L. Dain. Dispose them in the parlour, and we'll be there presently. [*Exit.* Situp.

Syl. How can your ladyship take such pleasure in being cheated with the baubles of other countries?

L. Dain. Thou art a very infidel to all finery.

Syl. And you are a very bigot—

L. Dain. A person of all reason, and no complaisance.

Syl. And your ladyship all complaisance, and no reason.

L. Dain. Follow me, and be converted. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SITUP, *a Woman with China Ware; an Indian Man with Screens, Tea, &c. a Birdman with a Paroquet, Monkey, &c.*

Sit. Come, come into this room.

Chi. I hope your ladyship's lady won't be long in coming.

Sit. I don't care if she never comes to you.——It seems you trade with the ladies for old clothes, and give them china for their gowns and petticoats; I'm

like to have a fine time on't with such creatures as you indeed!

Chi. Alas, madam, I'm but a poor woman, and am forced to do any thing to live: will your ladyship be pleased to accept of a piece of china?

Sit. Puh! no;—I don't care.—Though I must needs say you look like an honest woman.

[*Looking on it.*

Chi. Thank you, good madam.

Sit. Our places are like to come to a fine pass indeed, if our ladies must buy their china with our perquisites: at this rate, my lady sha'n't have an old fan, or a glove! but——

Chi. Pray, madam, take it.

Sit. No, not I; I won't have it, especially without a saucer to't. Here, take it again.

Chi. Indeed you shall accept of it.

Sit. Not I, truly—come, give it me, give it me;—here's my lady.

Enter Lady DAINTY, *and* SYLVIA.

L. Dain. Well, my dear, is not this a pretty sight now?

Syl. It's better than so many doctors and apothecaries, indeed.

L. Dain. All trades must live, you know; and those no more than these could subsist, if the world were all wise, or healthy.

Syl. I am afraid our real diseases are but few to our

imaginary, and doctors get more by the sound than the sickly.

L. Dain. My dear, you're allowed to say any thing—but now I must talk with the people.——Have you got any thing new there?

Chi. Ind. and Bird. Yes, an't please your ladyship.

L. Dain. One at once.——

Bird. I have brought your ladyship the finest monkey——

Syl. What a filthy thing it is!

L. Dain. Now I think he looks very humourous and agreeable—I vow in a white perriwig he might do mischief. Could he but talk and take snuff, there's ne'er a fop in town would go beyond him.

Syl. Most fops would go farther if they did not speak; but talking, indeed, makes them very often worse company than monkies.

L. Dain. Thou pretty little picture of man!—— How very Indian he looks!——I could kiss the dear creature!

Syl. Ah, don't touch him! he'll bite!

Bird. No, madam, he is the tamest you ever saw, and the least mischievous.

L. Dain. Then take him away, I won't have him; for mischief is the wit of a monkey; and I would not give a farthing for one that would not break me three or four pounds worth of china in a morning. Oh, I am in love with these Indian figures!—Do but ob-

serve what an innocent natural simplicity there is in all the actions of them.

Chi. These are Pagods, madam, that the Indians worship.

L. Dain. So far I am an Indian.

Syl. Now to me they are all monsters.

L. Dain. Profane creature!

Chi. Is your ladyship for a piece of right Flanders lace?

L. Dain. Um—no; I don't care for it, now it is not prohibited.

Ind. Will your ladyship be pleased to have a pound of fine tea?

L. Dain. What, filthy, odious bohea, I suppose?

Ind. No, madam; right Kappakawawa.

L. Dain. Well, there's something in the very sound of that name, that makes it irresistible.——What is it a pound?

Ind. But six guineas, madam.

L. Dain. How infinitely cheap! I'll buy it all—— Situp, take the man in and pay him, and let the rest call again to-morrow.

Omnes. Bless your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* Sit. Chi. Ind. *and* Bird.

L. Dain. Lord, how feverish I am!—the least motion does so disorder me—do but feel me.

Syl. No, really, I think you are in very good temper.

L. Dain. Burning, indeed, child.

Enter Servant, Doctor, and Apothecary.

Serv. Madam, here's Doctor Bolus, and the apothecary. [*Exit.*

L. Dain. Oh, doctor, I'm glad you're come; one is not sure of a moment's life without you.

Dr. How did your ladyship rest, madam?

[*Feels her pulse.*

L. Dain. Never worse, indeed, doctor: I once fell into a little slumber, indeed, but then was disturbed by the most odious, frightful dream, that if the fright had not wakened me, I had certainly perished in my sleep, with the apprehension.

Dr. A certain sign of a disordered brain, madam; but I'll order something that shall compose your ladyship.

L. Dain. Mr. Rhubarb, I must quarrel with you ——you don't disguise your medicines enough; they taste all physic.

Rhub. To alter it more might offend the operation, madam.

L. Dain. I don't care what is offended, so my taste is not.

Dr. Hark you, Mr Rhubarb, withdraw the medicine, rather than to make it pleasant: I'll find a reason for the want of its operation.

Rhub. But, sir, if we don't look about us, she'll grow well upon our hands.

Dr. Never fear that; she's too much a woman of

quality to dare to be well without her doctor's opinion.

Rhub. Sir, we have drained the whole catalogue of diseases already; there's not another left to put in her head.

Dr. Then I'll make her go them over again.

Enter CARELESS.

Care. So, here's the old levee, doctor and apothecary in close consultation! Now will I demolish the quack and his medicines before her face.—Mr. Rhubarb, your servant. Pray what have you got in your hand there?

Rhub. Only a julep and composing draught for my lady, sir.

Care. Have you so, sir? Pray, let me see—I'll prescribe to-day. Doctor, you may go—the lady shall take no physic at present but me.

Dr. Sir——

Care. Nay, if you won't believe me——

[*Breaks the phials.*

L. Dain. Ah!—— [*Frighted, and leaning upon* Syl.

Dr. Come away, Mr. Rhubarb—he'll certainly put her out of order, and then she'll send for us again. [*Exit Dr. and Apoth.*

Care. You see, madam, what pains I take to come into your favour.

L. Dain. You take a very preposterous way, I can tell you, sir.

Care. I cann't tell how I succeed, but I am sure I

endeavour right; for I study every morning new impertinence to entertain you: for since I find nothing but dogs, doctors, and monkies are your favourites, it is very hard if your ladyship won't admit me as one of the number.

L. Dain. When I find you of an equal merit with my monkey, you shall be in the same state of favour. I confess, as a proof of your wit, you have done me as much mischief here. But you have not half pug's judgment, nor his spirit; for the creature will do a world of pleasant things, without caring whether one likes them or not.

Care. Why, truly, madam, the little gentleman, my rival, I believe, is much in the right on't: and, if you observe, I have taken as much pains of late to disoblige, as to please you.

L. Dain. You succeed better in one than t'other, I can tell you, sir.

Care. I am glad on't; for if you had not me now and then to plague you, what would you do for a pretence to be chagrined, to faint, have the spleen, the vapours, and all those modish disorders that so nicely distinguish a woman of quality?

L. Dain. I am perfectly confounded!—Certainly there are some people too impudent for our resentment.

Care. Modesty's a starving virtue, madam, an old threadbare fashion of the last age, and would sit as oddly on a lover now, as a picked beard and mustachios.

L. Dain. Most astonishing!

Care. I have tried sighing and looking silly a great while, but 'twould not do—nay, had you had as little wit as good-nature, should have proceeded to dance and sing. Tell me but how, what face or form can worship you, and behold your votary.

L. Dain. Not, sir, as the Persians do the sun, with your face towards me. The best proof you can give me of your horrid devotion, is never to see me more. Come, my dear. [*Exit with* Sylvia.

Syl. I'm amazed so much assurance should not succeed. [*Exit.*

Care. All this sha'n't make me out of love with my virtue. Impudence has ever been a successful quality, and 'twould be hard, indeed, if I should be the first that did not thrive by it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CLERIMONT's *Lodgings.* *Enter* ATALL, *and* FINDER, *his Man.*

At. You are sure you know the house again?

Fin. Ah, as well as I do the upper gallery, sir.—'Tis Sir Solomon Sadlife's, at the two glass lanthorns, within three doors of my Lord Duke's.

At. Very well, sir—then take this letter, enquire for my Lady Sadlife's woman, and stay for an answer.

Fin. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

At. Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous to propose plea-

sure in love without variety of mistresses, as to pretend to be a keen sportsman without a good stable of horses. How this lady may prove I cann't tell; but if she is not a deedy tit at the bottom, I'm no jockey.

Re-enter FINDER.

Fin. Sir, here are two letters for you.

At. Who brought them?

Fin. A couple of footmen, and they both desire an answer.

At. Bid them stay, and do you make haste where I ordered you.

Fin. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

At. To Col. Standfast—that's Clarinda's hand—To Mr. Freeman—that must be my incognita. Ah, I have most mind to open this first;—but if t'other malicious creature should have perverted her growing inclination to me, 'twould put my whole frame in a trembling——Hold, I'll guess my fate by degrees—this may give me a glimpse of it. [*Reads* Clarinda's *letter.*] Um—um—um—Ha! To meet her at my Lady Sadlife's at seven o'clock to-night, and take no manner of notice of my late disowning myself to her—Something's at the bottom of all this.——Now to solve the riddle. [*Reads the other letter.*] 'My cousin Clarinda has told some things of you that very much 'alarm me; but I am willing to suspend my belief 'of them till I see you, which I desire may be at my 'Lady Sadlife's at seven this evening.'—The devil I

the same place!—'As you value the real friendship 'of your Incognita.'

So, now the riddle's out—the rival queens are fairly come to a reference, and one or both of them I must lose, that's positive.——Hard!

Enter CLERIMONT.

Hard fortune! Now, poor Impudence, what will become of thee? Oh, Clerimont, such a complication of adventures since I saw thee! such sweet hopes, fears, and unaccountable difficulties, sure never poor dog was surrounded with.

Cler. Oh, you are an industrious person! you'll get over them. But, pray, let's hear.

At. To begin, then, in the climax of my misfortunes:—In the first place, the private lodgings that my incognita appointed to receive me in, prove to be the very individual habitation of my other mistress, whom (to complete the blunder of my ill luck) she civilly introduced in person, to recommend me to her better acquaintance.

Cler. Ha, ha! Death! how could you stand them both together?

At. The old way—buff—I stuck like a burr to my name of Freeman, addressed my incognita before the other's face, and with a most unmoved good-breeding, harmlessly faced her down I had never seen her in my life before.

Cler. The prettiest modesty I ever heard of! Well, but how did they discover you at last?

At. Why, faith, the matter's yet in suspence; and I find by both their letters, that they don't yet well know what to think: (but, to go on with my luck) you must know, they have since both appointed me, by several names, to meet them at one and the same place, at seven o'clock this evening.

Cler. Ah!

At. And, lastly, to crown my fortune (as if the devil himself most triumphantly rode a-straddle upon my ruin) the fatal place of their appointment happens to be the very house of a third lady, with whom I made an acquaintance since morning, and had just before sent word I would visit near the same hour this evening.

Cler. Oh, murder! Poor Atall, thou art really fallen under the last degree of compassion.

At. And yet, with a little of thy assistance, in the middle of their small-shot, I don't still despair of holding my head above water.

Cler. Death! but you cann't meet them both; you must lose one of them, unless you can split yourself.

At. Pr'ythee, don't suspect my courage or my modesty; for I'm resolved to go on, if you will stand by me.

Cler. Faith, my very curiosity would make me do that. But what can I do?

At. You must appear for me, upon occasion, in person.

Cler. With all my heart. What else?

At. I shall want a queen's messenger in my interest, or rather one that can personate one.

Cler. That's easily found—But what to do?

At. Come along, and I'll tell you; for first I must answer their letters.

Cler. Thou art an original, faith. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Sir SOLOMON*'s House. Enter Sir* SOLOMON *leading Lady* SADLIFE, *and* WISHWELL, *her Woman.*

Sir Sol. There, madam, let me have no more of these airings.—No good, I am sure, can keep a woman five or six hours abroad in a morning.

L. Sad. You deny me all the innocent freedoms of life.

Sir Sol. Ha! you have the modish cant of this end of the town, I see; intriguing, gaming, gadding, and party-quarries, with a pox to them, are innocent freedoms, forsooth!

L. Sad. I don't know what you mean; I'm sure I have not one acquaintance in the world that does an ill thing.

Sir Sol. They must be better looked after than your ladyship then; but I'll mend my hands as fast as I can. Do you look to your reputation henceforward, and I'll take care of your person.

L. Sad. You wrong my virtue with these unjust suspicions.

Sir Sol. Ay, it's no matter for that; better I wrong it than you. I'll secure my doors for this day at least. [*Exit.*

L. Sad. Oh, Wishwell! what shall I do?

Wish. What's the matter, madam?

L. Sad. I expect a letter from a gentleman every minute; and if it should fall into Sir Solomon's hands, I'm ruined past redemption.

Wish. He won't suspect it, madam, sure, if they are directed to me, as they used to be.

L. Sad. But his jealousy's grown so violent of late, there's no trusting to it now. If he meets it, I shall be locked up for ever.

Wish. Oh, dear madam! I vow your ladyship frights me—Why, he'll kill me for keeping counsel.

L. Sad. Run to the window, quick, and watch the messenger. [*Exit* Wish.] Ah, there's my ruin near! —I feel it—[*A knocking at the door.*]——What shall I do? Be very insolent, or very humble, and cry?—I have known some women, upon these occasions, outstrut their husbands' jealousy, and make them ask pardon for finding them out. Oh, lud, here he comes! —I cann't do't; my courage fails me——I must e'en stick to my handkerchief, and trust to nature.

Re-enter Sir SOLOMON, *taking a Letter from* FINDER.

Sir Sol. Sir, I shall make bold to read this letter; and if you have a mind to save your bones, there's your way out.

Fin. Oh, terrible! I sha'n't have a whole one in my skin, when I come home to my master. [*Exit.*

L. Sad. [*Aside.*] I'm lost for ever!

Sir Sol. [*Reads.*] 'Pardon, most divine creature, the impatience of my heart,'—Very well! these are her innocent freedoms! Ah, cockatrice!—'which languishes for an opportunity to convince you of its sincerity;'——Oh, the tender son of a whore!——'which nothing could relieve, but the sweet hope of seeing you this evening.'—Poor lady, whose virtue I have wronged with unjust suspicions!

L. Sad. I'm ready to sink with apprehension.

Sir Sol. [*Reads.*] 'To-night, at seven, expect your dying Strephon.'—Die, and be damn'd; for I'll remove your comforter, by cutting her throat. I could find in my heart to ram his impudent letter into her windpipe——Ha! what's this!——'To Mrs. Wishwell, my Lady Sadlife's woman.'——Ad, I'm glad of it, with all my heart! What a happy thing it is to have one's jealousy disappointed!—Now have I been cursing my poor wife for the mistaken wickedness of that trollop. 'Tis well I kept my thoughts to myself: for the virtue of a wife, when wrongfully accused, is most unmercifully insolent. Come, I'll do a great thing; I'll kiss her, and make her amends——What's the matter, my dear? Has any thing frighted you?

L. Sad. Nothing but your hard usage.

Sir Sol. Come, come, dry thy tears; it shall be so no more. But, hark ye, I have made a discovery

here—Your Wishwell, I'm afraid, is a slut; she has an intrigue.

L. Sad. An intrigue! Heavens, in our family!

Sir Sol. Read there—I wish she be honest.

L. Sad. How!——If there be the least ground to think it, Sir Solomon, positively she sha'n t stay a minute in the house—Impudent creature!—have an affair with a man!

Sir Sol. But hold, my dear; don't let your virtue censure too severely neither.

L. Sad. I shudder at the thoughts of her.

Sir Sol. Patience, I say—How do we know but his courtship may be honourable?

L. Sad. That, indeed, requires some pause.

Wish. [*Peeping in.*] So, all's safe, I see—He thinks the letter's to me——Oh, good madam! that letter was to me, the fellow says. I wonder, sir, how you could serve one so! If my sweetheart should hear you had opened it, I know he would not have me, so he would not.

Sir Sol. Never fear that; for if he is in love with you, he's too much a fool to value being laughed at.

L. Sad. If it be yours, here, take your stuff; and next time, bid him take better care, than to send his letter so publicly.

Wish. Yes, madam. But now your ladyship has read it, I'd fain beg the honour of Sir Solomon to answer it for me; for I cann't write.

L. Sad. Not write!

Sir Sol. Nay, he thinks she's above that, I suppose;

for he calls her divine creature——A pretty piece of divinity, truly!——But, come, my dear; 'egad, we'll answer it for her. Here's paper——you shall do it.

L. Sad. I, Sir Solomon! Lard, I won't write to fellows, not I——I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aside.*

Sir Sol. Nay, you shall do it. Come, it will get her a good husband.

Wish. Ay, pray good madam, do.

Sir Sol. Ah, how eager the jade is!

L. Sad. I cann't tell how to write to any body but you, my dear.

Sir Sol. Well, well, I'll dictate then. Come, begin.

L. Sad. Lard, this is the oddest fancy!——

[*Sits to write.*

Sir Sol. Come, come——Dear sir—(for we'll be as loving as he, for his ears.)

Wish. No, pray madam, begin, Dear honey, or, My dearest angel.

L. Sad. Out, you fool! you must not be so fond—Dear sir, is very well. [*Writes.*

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, so 'tis; but these young fillies are for setting out at the top of their speed. But, pr'ythee, Wishwell, what is thy lover; for the stile of his letter may serve for a countess?

Wish. Sir, he's but a butler at present; but he's a good schollard, as you may see by his hand-writing; and in time may come to be a steward; and then we sha'n't be long without a coach, sir.

L. Sad. Dear sir——What must I write next?

Sir Sol. Why—— [*Musing.*

Wish. Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing.

Sir Sol. You puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Wish. I'm sure my mother used to begin all her letters so.

Sir Sol. And thou art every inch of thee her own daughter, that I'll say for thee.

L. Sad. Come, I have done it. [*Reads.*] 'Dear sir, She must have very little merit that is insensible of yours.'

Sir Sol. Very well, faith! Write all yourself.

Wish. Ay, good madam, do; that's better than mine. But, pray, dear madam, let it end with, So I rest your dearest loving friend, till death us do part.

L. Sad. [*Aside.*] This absurd slut will make me laugh out.

Sir Sol. But, hark you, hussy; suppose now you should be a little scornful and insolent to shew your breeding, and a little ill-natured in it to shew your wit.

Wish. Ay, sir, that is, if I designed him for my gallant; but since he is to be but my husband, I must be very good-natured and civil before I have him, and huff him, and shew my wit after.

Sir Sol. Here's a jade for you! [*Aside.*] But why must you huff your husband, hussy?

Wish. Oh, sir, that's to give him a good opinion of my virtue! for you know, sir, a husband cann't think

one could be so very domineering, if one were not very honest.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud, this fool, on my conscience, speaks the sense of the whole sex! [*Aside.*

Wish. Then, sir, I have been told, that a husband loves one the better, the more one hectors him; as a spaniel does, the more one beats him.

Sir Sol. Ha! thy husband will have a blessed time on't.

L. Sad. So——I have done.

Wish. Oh, pray madam, read it!

L. Sad. [*Reads.*] 'Dear Sir—She must have very little merit that is insensible of yours; and while you continue to love, and tell me so, expect whatever you can hope from so much wit, and such unfeigned sincerity——At the hour you mention, you will be truly welcome to your passionate——'

Wish. Oh, madam, it is not half kind enough! Pray, put in some more dears.

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, sweeten it well; let it be all syrup, with a pox to her.

Wish. Every line should have a dear sweet sir in it, so it should——he'll think I don't love him else.

Sir Sol. Poor moppet!

L. Sad. No, no, 'tis better now—Well, what must be at the bottom, to answer Strephon?

Sir Sol. Pray, let her divine ladyship sign Abigail.

Wish. No, pray, madam, put down Lipsamintha.

Sir Sol. Lipsamintha!

L. Sad. No, come, I'll write Celia. Here, go in and seal it.

Sir Sol. Ay, come, I'll lend you a wafer, that he may'n't wait for your divinityship.

Wish. Pshaw! you always flout one so

[*Exeunt* Sir Sol. *and* Wish.

L. Sad. So, this is luckily over——Well, I see, a woman should never be discouraged from coming off at the greatest plunge; for though I was half dead with the fright, yet, now I am a little recovered, I find——

That apprehension does the bliss endear;
The real danger's nothing to the fear. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir SOLOMON's. *Enter Lady* SADLIFE, ATALL, *and* WISHWELL, *with lights.*

Lady Sadlife.

THIS room, I think, is pleasanter; if you please, we'll sit here, sir——Wishwell, shut the door, and take the key o'th' inside, and set chairs.

Wish. Yes, madam.

L. Sad. Lard, sir, what a strange opinion you must have of me, for receiving your visits upon so slender an acquaintance.

At. I have a much stranger opinion, madam, of your ordering your servant to lock herself in with us.

L. Sad. Oh, you would not have us wait upon ourselves!

At. Really, madam, I cann't conceive that two lovers, alone, have much occasion for attendance.

[*They sit.*

L. Sad. Lovers! Lard, how you talk! Cann't people converse without that stuff?

At. Um—Yes, madam, people may; but without a little of that stuff, conversation is generally very apt to be insipid.

L. Sad. Pooh! why, we can say any thing without her hearing, you see.

At. Ay; but if we should talk ourselves up to an occasion of being without her, it would look worse to send her out, than to have let her wait without when she was out.

L. Sad. You are pretty hard to please, I find, sir. Some men, I believe, would think themselves well used in so free a reception as yours.

At. Ha! I see this is like to come to nothing this time; so I'll e'en put her out of humour, that I may get off in time to my incognita. [*Aside.*] Really, madam, I can never think myself free, where my hand and my tongue are tied. [*Pointing to* Wish.

L. Sad. Your conversation, I find, is very different from what it was, sir.

At. With submission, madam, I think it very proper for the place we are in. If you had sent for me only to sip tea, to sit still, and be civil, with my hat under my arm, like a strange relation from Ireland, or so, why was I brought hither with so much caution and privacy? [*Sir* Solomon *knocks at the door.*

Wish. Oh, heavens, my master, madam!

Sir Sol. [*Within.*] Open the door there!

L. Sad. What shall we do?

At. Nothing now, I'm sure.

L. Sad. Open the door, and say the gentleman came to you.

Wish. Oh, lud, madam, I shall never be able to manage it at so short a warning!——We had better shut the gentleman into the closet, and say he came to nobody at all.

L. Sad. In, in then, for mercy's sake, quickly, sir!

At. So—this is like to be very pretty business!——Oh, success and impudence, thou hast quite forsaken me! [*Enters the closet.*

Wish. Do you step into your bed-chamber, madam, and leave my master to me. [*Exit* Lady Sadlife.

WISHWELL *opens the door, and Sir* SOLOMON *enters.*

Sir Sol. What's the reason, mistress, I am to be locked out of my wife's apartment?

Wish. My lady was washing her—her—neck, sir, and I could not come any sooner.

Sir Sol. I'm sure I heard a man's voice. [*Aside.*] Bid your lady come hither. [*Exit* Wishwell.]——He must be hereabouts——'tis so; all's out, all's over now: the devil has done his worst, and I am a cuckold in spite of my wisdom. 'Sbud! now an Italian would poison his wife for this, a Spaniard would stab her, and a Turk would cut off her head with a scymitar; but a poor dog of an English cuckold now can

only squabble and call names——Hold, here she comes——I must smother my jealousy, that her guilt mayn't be upon its guard.

Enter Lady SADLIFE *and* WISHWELL.

Sir Sol. My dear, how do you do? Come hither, and kiss me.

L. Sad. I did not expect you home so soon, my dear.

Sir Sol. Poor rogue!——I don't believe you did, with a pox to you. [*Aside.*] Wishwell, go down; I have business with your lady.

Wish. Yes, sir—but I'll watch you; for I am afraid this good-humour has mischief at the bottom of it.

[*Retires.*

L. Sad. I scarce know whether he's jealous or not.

Sir Sol. Now dare not I go near that closet door, lest the murderous dog should poke a hole in my guts through the key-hole.——Um——I have an old thought in my head——ay, and that will discover the whole bottom of her affair. 'Tis better to seem not to know one's dishonour, when one has not courage enough to revenge it.

L. Sad. I don't like his looks, methinks.

Sir Sol. Odso! what have I forgot now? Pr'ythee, my dear, step into my study; for I am so weary! and in the uppermost parcel of letters, you'll find one that I received from Yorkshire to-day, in the scru-

toir; bring it down, and some paper; I will answer it while I think on't.

L. Sad. If you please to lend me your key—But had you not better write in your study, my dear?

Sir Sol. No, no; I tell you, I'm so tired, I am not able to walk. There, make haste.

L. Sad. Would all were well over! [*Exit.*

Sir Sol. 'Tis so, by her eagerness to be rid of me. Well, since I find I dare not behave myself like a man of honour in this business, I'll at least act like a person of prudence and penetration; for say, should I clap a brace of slugs now in the very bowels of this rascal, it may hang me; but if it does not, it cann't divorce me. No, I'll e'en put out the candles, and in a soft, gentle whore's voice, desire the gentleman to walk about his business; and if I can get him out before my wife returns, I'll fairly post myself in his room; and so, when she comes to set him at liberty, in the dark, I'll humour the cheat, till I draw her into some casual confession of the fact, and then this injured front shall bounce upon her like a thunderbolt. [*Puts out the candles.*

Wish. [*Behind.*] Say you so, sir? I'll take care my lady shall be provided for you. [*Exit.*

Sir Sol. Hist, hist, sir, sir!

Enter ATALL *from the Closet.*

At. Is all clear? May I venture, madam?

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, quick, quick! make haste before

Sir Solomon returns. A strait-back'd dog, I warrant him. [*Aside.*] But when shall I see you again?

At. Whenever you'll promise me to make a better use of an opportunity.

Sir Sol. Ha! then 'tis possible he mayn't yet have put the finishing stroke to me.

At. Is this the door?

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, away. [*Exit* Atall.] So—now the danger of being murdered is over, I find my courage returns: and if I catch my wife but inclining to be no better than she should be, I'm not sure that blood won't be the consequence.

He goes into the Closet, and WISHWELL *enters.*

Wish. So—my lady has her cue; and if my wise master can give her no better proofs of his penetration than this, she'd be a greater fool than he if she should not do what she has a mind to. Sir, sir, come, you may come out now; Sir Solomon's gone.

Enter Sir SOLOMON *from the Closet.*

Sir Sol. So, now for a soft speech, to set her impudent blood in a ferment, and then let it out with my penknife. [*Aside.*] Come, dear creature, now let's make the kindest use of our opportunity.

Wish. Not for the world. If Sir Solomon should come again, I should be ruined. Pray, begone—I'll send to you to-morrow.

Sir Sol. Nay, now you love me not; you would not let me part else thus unsatisfied.

Wish. Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I should not run such hazards for you.

Sir Sol. Fond whore! [*Aside.*] But I'm afraid you love Sir Solomon, and lay up all your tenderness for him.

Wish. Oh, ridiculous!——How can so sad a wretch give you the least uneasy thought?——I loath the very sight of him.

Sir Sol. Damn'd, infernal strumpet!——I can bear no longer——Lights, lights, within there! [*Seizes her.*

Wish. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Who's this? Help! murder!

Sir Sol. No, traitress, don't think to 'scape me; for, now I've trapped thee in thy guilt, I could find in my heart to have thee flead alive, thy skin stuffed, and hung up in the middle of Guildhall, as a terrible consequence of cuckoldom to the whole city—Lights there!

Enter Lady SADLIFE *with a Light.*

L. Sad. Oh, Heavens! what's the matter?

[*Sir* Solomon *looks astonished.*

Ha! what do I see? My servant on the floor, and Sir Solomon offering rudeness to her! Oh, I cann't bear it! Oh! [*Falls into a chair.*

Sir Sol. What has the devil been doing here?

L. Sad. This the reward of all my virtue! Oh, revenge, revenge!

Sir Sol. My dear, my good, virtuous, injured dear, be patient; for here has been such wicked doings—

L. Sad. Oh, torture! Do you own it too? 'Tis

well my love protects you. But for this wretch, this monster, this sword shall do me justice on her.

[*Runs at* Wishwell *with Sir* Solomon's *sword.*

Sir Sol. Oh, hold, my poor mistaken dear! This horrid jade, the gods can tell, is innocent for me; but she has had, it seems, a strong dog in the closet here; which I suspecting, put myself into his place, and had almost trapped her in the very impudence of her iniquity.

L. Sad. How! I'm glad to find he dares not own 'twas his jealousy of me—— [*Aside.*

Wish. [*Kneeling.*] Dear madam, I hope your ladyship will pardon the liberty I took in your absence, in bringing my lover into your ladyship's chamber; but I did not think you would come home from prayers so soon; and so I was forced to hide him in that closet: but my master suspecting the business, it seems, turned him out unknown to me, and then put himself there, and so had a mind to discover whether there was any harm between us; and so, because he fancied I had been naught with him——

Sir Sol. Ay, my dear; and the jade was so confoundedly fond of me, that I grew out of all patience, and fell upon her like a fury.

L. Sad. Horrid creature!——And does she think to stay a minute in the family after such impudence?

Sir Sol. Hold, my dear——for if this should be the man that is to marry her, you know there may be no harm done yet.

Wish. Yes, it was he indeed, madam.

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*] I must not let the jade be turned away, for fear she should put it in my wife's head that I hid myself to discover her ladyship, and then the devil would not be able to live in the house with her.

Wish. Now, sir, you know what I can tell of you.

[*Aside to Sir* Solomon.

Sir Sol. Mum—that's a good girl; there's a guinea for you.

L. Sad. Well, upon your intercession, my dear, I'll pardon her this fault. But, pray, mistress, let me hear of no more such doings. I am so disordered with this fright——Fetch my prayer-book; I'll endeavour to compose myself. [*Exit L.* Sad. *and* Wish.

Sir Sol. Ay, do so; that's my good dear——What two blessed escapes have I had! to find myself no cuckold at last, and, which had been equally terrible, my wife not know I wrongfully suspected her!——Well, at length I am fully convinced of her virtue—and now, if I can but cut off the abominable expence that attends some of her impertinent acquaintance, I shall shew myself a Machiavel.

Re-enter WISHWELL.

Wish. Sir, here's my Lady Dainty come to wait upon my lady.

Sir Sol. I'm sorry for't, with all my heart—Why did you say she was within?

Wish. Sir, she did not ask if she was; but she's never denied to her.

Sir Sol. Gadso! why then, if you please to leave her ladyship to me, I'll begin with her now.

WISHWELL *brings in Lady* DAINTY.

L. Dain. Sir Solomon, your very humble servant.

Sir Sol. Yours, yours, madam.

L. Dain. Where's my lady?

Sir Sol. Where your ladyship very seldom is——at prayers.

Enter Lady SADLIFE.

L. Sad. My dear Lady Dainty!

L. Dain. Dear madam, I am the happiest person alive in finding your ladyship at home.

Sir Sol. So, now for a torrent of impertinence.

L. Sad. Your ladyship does me a great deal of honour.

L. Dain. I am sure I do myself a great deal of pleasure. I have made at least twenty visits to-day. Oh, I'm quite dead! not but my coach is very easy —yet so much perpetual motion, you know——

Sir Sol. Ah, pox of your disorder!—If I had the providing your equipage, odzooks, you should rumble to your visits in a wheel-barrow. [*Aside.*

L. Sad. Was you at my Lady Dutchess's?

L. Dain. A little while.

L. Sad. Had she a great circle?

L. Dain. Extreme——I was not able to bear the breath of so much company.

L. Sad. You did not dine there?

L. Dain. Oh, I cann't touch any body's dinner but my own!——and I have almost killed myself this week, for want of my usual glass of Tokay, after my ortolans and Muscovy duck-eggs.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud, if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you, in a fortnight, to neck-beef, and a pot of plain bub. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. Then I have been so surfeited with the sight of a hideous entertainment to-day, at my Lady Cormorant's, who knows no other happiness, or way of making one welcome, than eating or drinking: for though she saw I was just fainting at her vast limbs of butcher's meat, yet the civil savage forced me to sit down, and heaped enough upon my plate to victual a fleet for an East-India voyage.

L. Sad. How could you bear it? Ha, ha!——Does your ladyship never go to the play?

L. Dain. Never, but when I bespeak it myself; and then not to mind the actors; for its common to love sights. My great diversion is, in reposed posture, to turn my eyes upon the galleries, and bless myself to hear the happy savages laugh; or when an aukward citizen crowds herself in among us, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to contemplate her airs and dress: and they never 'scape me; for I am as apprehensive of such a creature's coming near me, as some people are when a cat is in the room.—But the play is begun, I believe; and if your ladyship has an inclination, I'll wait upon you.

L. Sad. I think, madam, we cann't do better; and

here comes Mr. Careless most opportunely to 'squire us.

Sir Sol. Careless! I don't know him; but my wife does, and that's as well.

Enter CARELESS.

Care. Ladies, your servant. Seeing your coach at the door, madam, made me not able to resist this opportunity to—to—you know, madam, there's no time to be lost in love. Sir Solomon, your servant.

Sir Sol. Oh, yours, yours, sir!——A very impudent fellow; and I'm in hopes will marry her.

[*Aside.*

L. Dain. The assurance of this creature almost grows diverting: all one can do, can't make him the least sensible of a discouragement.

L. Sad. Try what compliance will do; perhaps that may fright him.

L. Dain. If it were not too dear a remedy—One would almost do any thing to get rid of his company.

Care. Which you never will, madam, till you marry me, depend upon it. Do that, and I'll trouble you no more.

Sir Sol. This fellow's abominable! He'll certainly have her. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. There's no depending upon your word, or else I might; for the last time I saw you, you told me then, you would trouble me no more.

Care. Ay, that's true, madam; but to keep one's word, you know, looks like a tradesman.

Sir Sol. Impudent rogue! But he'll have her.— [*Aside.*

Care. And is as much below a gentleman as paying one's debts,

Sir Sol. If he is not hanged first. [*Aside.*

Care. Besides, madam, I considered that my absence might endanger your constitution, which is so very tender, that nothing but love can save it; and so I would e'en advise you to throw away your juleps, your cordials, and slops, and take me all at once.

L. Dain. No, sir, bitter potions are not to be taken so suddenly.

Care. Oh, to choose, madam; for if you stand making of faces, and kicking against it, you'll but increase your aversion, and delay the cure. Come, come, you must be advised. [*Pressing her.*

L. Dain. What mean you, sir?

Care. To banish all your ails, and be myself your universal medicine.

Sir Sol. Well said! he'll have her. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. Impudent, robust man; I protest, did not I know his family, I should think his parents had not lived in chairs and coaches, but had used their limbs all their lives! Hu! hu! but I begin to be persuaded health is a great blessing. [*Aside.*

Care. My limbs, madam, were conveyed to me before the use of chairs and coaches, and it might lessen the dignity of my ancestors, not to use them as they did.

L. Dain. Was ever such a rude understanding? to

value himself upon the barbarism of his fore-fathers. ——Indeed I have heard of kings that were bred to the plough, and, I fancy, you might descend from such a race; for you court as if you were behind one —Huh! huh! huh! To treat a woman of quality like an Exchange wench, and express your passion with your arms:—unpolished man!

Care. I was willing, madam, to take from the vulgar the only desirable thing among them, and shew you—how they live so healthy—for they have no other remedy.

L. Dain. A very rough medicine! huh! huh!

Care. To those that never took it, it may seem so—

L. Dain. Abandoned ravisher! Oh! [*Struggling.*

Sir Sol. He has her; he has her. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. Leave the room, and see my face no more.

Care. [*Bows and is going.*]

L. Dain. And, hark ye, sir, no bribe, no mediations to my woman.

Care. [*Bows and sighs.*]

L. Dain. Thou profligate! to hug! to clasp! to embrace and throw your robust arms about me, like a vulgar, and indelicate—Oh, I faint with apprehension of so gross an address!

[*She faints, and* Care. *catches her.*

Care. Oh, my offended fair!

L. Dain. Inhuman! ravisher! Oh!

[Care. *carries her off.*

Sir Sol. He has her! she's undone! he has her!

[*Exeunt Sir* Sol. *and Lady* Sad.

Enter CLARINDA *and* SYLVIA.

Clar. Well, cousin, what do you think of your gentleman now?

Syl. I fancy, madam, that would be as proper a question to ask you: for really I don't see any great reason to alter my opinion of him yet.

Clar. Now I could dash her at once, and shew it her under his own hand that his name's Standfast, and he'll be here in a quarter of an hour. [*Aside.*] I vow I don't think I ought to refuse you any service in my power; therefore if you think it worth your while not to be out of countenance when the colonel comes, I would advise you to withdraw now; for if you dare take his own word for it, he will be here in three minutes, as this may convince you. [*Gives a letter.*

Syl. What's here? a letter from Colonel Standfast? —Really, cousin, I have nothing to say to him.—— Mr. Freeman's the person I'm concerned for, and I expect to see him here in a quarter of an hour.

Clar. Then you don't believe them both the same person?

Syl. Not by their hands or stile, I can assure you, as this may convince you. [*Gives a letter.*

Clar. Ha! the hand is different indeed.——I scarce know what to think,—and yet I'm sure my eyes were not deceived.

Syl. Come, cousin, let's be a little cooler; 'tis not

impossible but we may have both laughed at one another to no purpose—for I am confident they are two persons.

Clar. I cann't tell that, but I'm sure here comes one of them.

Enter ATALL *as* COLONEL STANDFAST.

Syl. Ha!

At. Hey! Bombard, (there they are faith!) bid the chariot set up, and call again about one or two in the morning.——You see, madam, what 'tis to give an impudent fellow the least encouragement: I'm resolved now to make a night on't with you.

Clar. I am afraid, colonel, we shall have much ado to be good company, for we are two women to one man, you see; and if we should both have fancy to have you particular, I doubt you'd make but bungling work on't.

At. I warrant you we will pass our time like gods: two ladies and one man; the prettiest set for Ombre in the universe.—Come, come! Cards, cards, cards! and tea, that I insist upon.

Clar. Well, sir, if my cousin will make one, I won't balk your good-humour. [*Turning* Syl. *to face him.*

At. Is the lady your relation, madam?—I beg the honour to be known to her.

Clar. Oh, sir, that I'm sure she cann't refuse you. ——Cousin, this is Colonel Standfast. [*Laughs aside.*] I hope now she's convinced.

At. Your pardon, madam, if I am a little particular in my desire to be known to any of this lady's relations. [*Salutes.*

Syl. You'll certainly deserve mine, sir, by being always particular to that lady.——

At. Oh, madam!—Tall, lall. [*Turns away and sings.*

Syl. This assurance is beyond example. [*Aside.*

Clar. How do you do, cousin?

Syl. Beyond bearing—but not incurable. [*Aside.*

Clar. [*Aside.*] Now cann't I find in my heart to give him one angry word for his impudence to me this morning? the pleasure of seeing my rival mortified makes me strangely good-natured.

At. [*Turning familiarly to* Clar.] Upon my soul you are provokingly handsome to-day. Ay Gad! why is not it high treason for any beautiful woman to marry?

Clar. What, would you have us lead apes?

At. Not one of you, by all that's lovely!——Do you think we could not find you better employment?——Death! what a hand is here?——Gad, I shall grow foolish!

Clar. Stick to your assurance, and you are in no danger.

At. Why then, in obedience to your commands, pr'ythee answer me sincerely one question: How long do you really design to make me dangle thus?

Clar. Why, really I cann't just set you a time; but when you are weary of your service, come to me

with a six-pence and modesty, and I'll give you a discharge.

At. Thou insolent, provoking, handsome tyrant!

Clar. Come, let me go——this is not a very civil way of entertaining my cousin, methinks.

At. I beg her pardon indeed. [*Bowing to* Syl.] But lovers, you know, madam, may plead a sort of excuse for being singular, when the favourite fair's in company.—But we were talking of cards, ladies.

Clar. Cousin, what say you?

Syl. I had rather you would excuse me; I am a little unfit for play at this time.

At. What a valuable virtue is assurance! Now am I as intrepid as a lawyer at the bar. [*Aside.*

Clar. Bless me! you are not well!

Syl. I shall be presently.——Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you a question.

At. So, now it's coming! [*Aside.*] Freely, madam.

Syl. Look on me well:—have you never seen my face before?

At. Upon my word, madam, I cann't recollect that I have.

Syl. I am satisfied.

At. But pray, madam, why may you ask?

Syl. I am too much disordered now to tell you—— But if I'm not deceived, I'm miserable. [*Weeps.*

At. This is strange.——How her concern transports me!

Clar. Her fears have touched me, and half persuade me to revenge them.——Come, cousin, be easy: I

see you are convinced he is the same, and now I'll prove myself a friend.

Syl. I know not what to think——my senses are confounded: their features are indeed the same; and yet there's something in their air, their dress, and manner, strangely different: but be it as it will, all right to him in presence I disclaim, and yield to you for ever.

" *At.* Oh, charming, joyful grief! [*Aside.*"

Clar. No, cousin, believe it, both our senses cannot be deceived; he's individually the same; and since he dares be base to you, he's miserable indeed, if flattered with a distant hope of me: I know his person and his falsehood both too well; and you shall see I will, as becomes your friend, resent it.

At. What means this strangeness, madam?

Clar. I'll tell you, sir; and to use few words, know then, this lady and myself have borne your faithless insolence and artifice too long: but that you may not think to impose on me, at least, I desire you would leave the house, and from this moment never see me more.

At. Madam! What! what is all this?

Riddle me riddle me re,
For the devil take me
For ever from thee,
If I can divine what this riddle can be.

Syl. Not moved! I'm more amazed.

At. Pray, madam, in the name of common sense, let me know in two words what the real meaning of

your last terrible speech was; and if I don't make you a plain, honest, reasonable answer to it, be pleased the next minute to blot my name out of your table-book, never more to be inrolled in the senseless catalogue of those vain coxcombs, that impudently hope to come into your favour.

Clar. This insolence grows tedious: what end can you propose by this assurance?

At. Hey-day!

Syl. Hold, cousin——one moment's patience: I'll send this minute again to Mr. Freeman, and if he does not immediately appear, the dispute will need no farther argument.

At. Mr. Freeman! Who the devil's he? What have I to do with him?

Syl. I'll soon inform you, sir.

[*Going, meets* Wishwell *entering.*

Wish. Madam, here's a footman mightily out of breath, says he belongs to Mr. Freeman, and desires very earnestly to speak with you.

Syl. Mr. Freeman! Pray bid him come in.—— What can this mean?

At. You'll see presently. [*Aside.*

Re-enter WISHWELL *with* FINDER.

Clar. Ha!

Syl. Come hither, friend: do you belong to Mr. Freeman?

Fin. Yes, madam, and my poor master gives his humble service to your ladyship, and begs your par-

don for not waiting on you according to his promise; which he would have done, but for an unfortuate accident.

Syl. What's the matter?

Fin. As he was coming out of his lodgings to pay his duty to you, madam, a parcel of fellows set upon him, and said they had a warrant against him; and so, because the rascals began to be saucy with him, and my master knowing that he did not owe a shilling in the world, he drew to defend himself, and in the scuffle the bloody villians run one of their swords quite through his arm; but the best of the jest was, madam, that as soon as they got him into a house, and sent for a surgeon, he proved to be the wrong person; for their warrant, it seems, was against a poor scoundrel, that happens, they say, to be very like him, one Colonel Standfast.

At. Say you so, Mr. Dog——if your master had been here I would have given him as much.

[*Gives him a box on the ear.*

Fin. Oh, Lord! pray, madam, save me—I did not speak a word to the gentleman—Oh, the devil! this must be the devil in the likeness of my master.

Syl. Is this gentleman so very like him, say you?

Fin. Like, madam! ay, as one box of the ear is like to another; only I think, madam, my master's nose is a little, little higher.

At. Now, ladies, I presume the riddle's solved—— Hark you, where is your master, rascal?

Fin. Master, rascal! Sir, my master's name's Free-

man, and I'm a free-born Englishman; and I must tell you, sir, that I don't use to take such arbitrary socks of the face from any man that does not pay me wages; and so my master will tell you too when he comes, sir.

Syl. Will he be here then?

Fin. This minute, madam, he only stays to have his wound dressed.

At. I'm resolved I'll stay that minute out, if he does not come till midnight.

Fin. A pox of his mettle—when his hand's in he makes no difference between jest and earnest, I find—If he does not pay me well for this, 'egad he shall tell the next for himself. [*Aside.*] Has your ladyship any commands to my master, madam?

Syl. Yes; pray give him my humble service, say I'm sorry for his misfortune; and if he thinks 'twill do his wound no harm, I beg, by all means, he may be brought hither immediately.

Fin. 'Shah! his wound, madam, I know he does not value it of a rush; for he'll have the devil and all of actions against the rogues for false imprisonment, and smart-money——Ladies, I kiss your hands——Sir, I——nothing at all——— [*Exit.*

At. [*Aside.*] The dog has done it rarely; for a lie upon the stretch I don't know a better rascal in Europe.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Ay! now I'm sure I'm right——Is not your name Colonel Standfast, sir?

At. Yes, sir; what then?

Off. Then you are my prisoner, sir———

At. Your prisoner! who the devil are you? a bailiff? I don't owe a shilling.

Off. I don't care if you don't, sir; I have a warrant against you for high treason, and I must have you away this minute.

At. Look you, sir, depend upon't, this is but some impertinent malicious prosecution: you may venture to stay a quarter of an hour, I'm sure; I have some business here till then, that concerns me nearer than my life.

Clar. Have but so much patience, and I'll satisfy you for your civility,

Off. I could not stay a quarter of an hour, madam, if you'd give me five hundred pounds.

Syl. Cann't you take bail, sir?

Off. Bail! no, no.

Clar. Whither must he be carried?

Off. To my house, till he's examined before the council.

Clar. Where is your house?

Off. Just by the secretary's office; every body knows Mr. Lockum the messenger—Come, sir.

At. I cann't stir yet, indeed, sir.

[*Lays his hand on his sword.*

Off. Nay, look you, if you are for that play—Come in, gentlemen, away with him.

Enter Musqueteers and force him off.

Syl. This is the strangest accident: I am extremely

sorry for the colonel's misfortune, but I am heartily glad he is not Mr. Freeman.

Clar. I'm afraid you'll find him so——I shall never change my opinion of him till I see them face to face.

Syl. Well, cousin, let them be two or one, I'm resolved to stick to Mr. Freeman; for, to tell you the truth, this last spark has too much of the confident rake in him to please me; but there is a modest sincerity in t'other's conversation that's irresistible.

Clar. For my part I'm almost tired with his impertinence either way, and could find in my heart to trouble myself no more about him; and yet methinks it provokes me to have a fellow outface my senses.

Syl. Nay, they are strangely alike, I own; but yet, if you observe nicely, Mr. Freeman's features are more pale and pensive than the colonel's.

Clar. When Mr. Freeman comes, I'll be closer in my observation of him—in the mean time let me consider what I really propose by all this rout I make about him: suppose (which I can never believe) they should prove two several men at last; I don't find that I'm fool enough to think of marrying either of them; nor (whatever airs I give myself) am I yet mad enough to do worse with them——Well, since I don't design to come to a close engagement myself, then why should I not generously stand out of the way, and make room for one that would? No, I cann't do that neither—I want, methinks, to convict him first of being one and the same person, and then to have him convince my cousin that he likes me better than

her—Ay, that would do! and to confess my infirmity, I still find (though I don't care for this fellow) while she has assurance to nourish the least hope of getting him from me, I shall never be heartily easy 'till she's heartily mortified. [*Aside.*

Syl. You seem very much concerned for the Colonel's misfortune, cousin.

Clar. His misfortunes seldom hold him long, as you may see; for here he comes.

Enter ATALL, *as Mr.* FREEMAN.

Syl. Bless me!

At. I am sorry, madam, I could not be more punctual to your obliging commands; but the accident that prevented my coming sooner, will, I hope, now give me a pretence to a better welcome than my last; for now, madam, [*To* Clar.] your mistake's set right, I presume, and, I hope, you won't expect Mr. Freeman to answer for all the miscarriages of Colonel Standfast.

Clar. Not in the least, sir: the colonel's able to answer for himself, I find! ha, ha!

At. Was not my servant with you, madam? [*To* Syl.

Syl. Yes, yes, sir, he has told us all. [*Aside.*] And I am sorry you have paid so dear for a proof of your innocence. Come, come, I'd advise you to set your heart at rest; for what I design, you'll find, I shall come to a speedy resolution in.

At. Oh, generous resolution!

Clar. Well, madam, since you are so tenacious of your conquest, I hope you'll give me the same liberty; and not expect, the next time you fall a crying at the colonel's gallantry to me, that my good-nature should give you up my pretensions to him. And for you, sir, I shall only tell you, this last plot was not so closely laid, but that a woman of a very slender capacity, you'll find, has wit enough to discover it. [*Exit* Clar.

At. So! she's gone to the messenger's I suppose—but, poor soul, her intelligence there will be extremely small. [*Aside.*] Well, madam, I hope at last your scruples are over.

Syl. You cann't blame me, sir, if, now we are alone, I own myself a little more surprised at her positiveness, than my woman's pride would let me confess before her face; and yet methinks there's a native honesty in your look, that tells me I am not mistaken, and may trust you with my heart.

At. Oh, for pity still preserve that tender thought, and save me from despair.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. Ha! Freeman again! Is it possible?

At. How now, Clerimont, what are you surprised at?

Cler. Why to see thee almost in two places at one time; 'tis but this minute, I met the very image of thee with the mob about a coach, in the hands of a messenger, whom I had the curiosity to stop and call to; and

had no other proof of his not being thee, but that the spark would not know me!

Syl. Strange! I almost think I'm really not deceived.

Cler. 'Twas certainly Clarinda I saw go out in a chair just now—it must be she—the circumstances are too strong for a mistake. [*Aside.*

Syl. Well, sir, to ease you of your fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over. [*To* Atall.

Cler. What a coxcomb have I made myself, to serve my rival even with my own mistress? But 'tis at least some ease to know him: all I have to hope is, that he does not know the ass he has made of me —that might indeed be fatal to him. [*Aside.*

Enter SYLVIA's *Maid.*

Maid. Oh, madam, I'm glad I've found you: your father and I have been hunting you all the town over.

Syl. My father in town!

Maid. He waits below in the coach for you: he must needs have you come away this minute; and talks of having you married this very night to the fine gentleman he spoke to you of.

Syl. What do I hear?

At. If ever soft compassion touched your soul, give me a word of comfort in this last distress, to save me from the horrors that surround me.

Syl. You see we are observed——but yet depend upon my faith as on my life.——In the mean time, I'll use my utmost power to avoid my father's hasty will: in two hours you shall know my fortune and

my family—Now, don't follow me, as you'd preserve my friendship. Come—— [*Exit with Maid.*

At. Death! how this news alarms me! I never felt the pains of love before.

Cler. Now then to ease, or to revenge my fears—This sudden change of your countenance, Mr. Atall, looks as if you had a mind to banter your friend into a belief of your being really in love with the lady that just now left you.

At. Faith, Clerimont, I have too much concern upon me at this time, to be capable of a banter.

Cler. Ha! he seems really touched, and I begin now only to fear Clarinda's conduct.——Well, sir, if it be so, I'm glad to see a convert of you; and now, in return to the little services I have done you, in helping you to carry on your affair with both these ladies at one time, give me leave to ask a favour of you——Be still sincere, and we may still be friends.

At. You surprise me—but use me as you find me.

Cler. Have you no acquaintance with a certain lady whom you have lately heard me own I was unfortunately in love with?

At. Not that I know of, I'm sure not as the lady you are in love with: but, pray, why do you ask?

Cler. Come, I'll be sincere with you too: because I have strong circumstances that convince me 'tis one of those two you have been so busy about.

At. Not she you saw with me, I hope?

Cler. No; I mean the other—But to clear the doubt at once, is her name Clarinda?

At. I own it is: but had I the least been warned of your pretences——

Cler. Sir, I dare believe you; and though you may have prevailed even against her honour, your ignorance of my passion for her makes you stand at least excused to me.

At. No; by all the solemn protestations tongue can utter, her honour is untainted yet for me; nay, even unattempted: "nor had I ever an opportunity, that "could encourage the most distant thought against "it."

Cler. You own she has received your gallantries at least.

At. Faith, not to be vain, she has indeed taken some pains to pique her cousin about me; and if her beautiful cousin had not fallen in my way at the same time, I must own, 'tis very possible I might have endeavoured to push my fortune with her; but since I now know your heart, put my friendship to a trial.

Cler. Only this—If I should be reduced to ask it of you, promise to confess your imposture, and your passion to her cousin, before her face.

At. There's my hand,—I'll do't, to right my friend and mistress. But, dear Clerimont, you'll pardon me if I leave you here; for my poor incognita's affairs at this time are in a very critical condition.

Cler. No ceremony—I release you.

At. Adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CLERIMONT *and* CARELESS.

Clerimont.

AND so you took the opportunity of her fainting to carry her off! Pray, how long did her fit last?

Care. Why, faith, I so humoured her affectation, that 'tis hardly over yet; for I told her, her life was in danger, and swore, if she would not let me send for a parson to marry her before she died, I'd that minute send for a shroud, and be buried alive with her in the same coffin: but at the apprehension of so terrible a thought, she pretended to be frightened into her right senses again; and forbid me her sight for ever.——So that, in short, my impudence is almost exhausted, her affectation is as unsurmountable as another's real virtue, and I must e'en catch her that way, or die without her at last.

Cler. How do you mean?

Care. Why, if I find I cann't impose upon her by humility, which I'll try, I'll even turn rival to myself in a very fantastical figure, that I'm sure she won't be able to resist. You must know, she has of late been flattered that the Muscovite Prince Alexander is dying for her, though he never spoke to her in his life.

Cler. I understand you: so you'd first venture to

pique her against you, and then let her marry you in another person, to be revenged of you.

Care. One of the two ways I am pretty sure to succeed.

Cler. Extravagant enough! Pr'ythee, is Sir Solomon in the next room?

Care. What, you want his assistance? Clarinda's in her airs again!

Cler. Faith, Careless, I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I must needs speak with him.

Care. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady DAINTY, *Lady* SADLIFE, *and* CARELESS.

L. Dain. This rude, boisterous man, has given me a thousand disorders; the colic, the spleen, the palpitation of the heart, and convulsions all over—Huh! huh!—I must send for the doctor.

L. Sad. Come, come, madam, e'en pardon him, and let him be your physician—do but observe his penitence, so humble he dares not speak to you.

Care. [*Folds his arms and sighs.*] Oh!

L. Sad. How can you hear him sigh so?

L. Dain. Nay, let him groan—for nothing but his pangs can ease me.

Care. [*Kneels and presents her his drawn sword; opening his breast.*] Be then at once most barbarously just, and take your vengeance here.

L. Dain. No, I give thee life to make thee miserable; live, that my resenting eyes may kill thee every hour.

Clare. Nay, then there's no relief——but this——

[*Offering at his sword, Lady* Sadlife *holds him.*

L. Sad. Ah! for mercy's sake——Barbarous creature, how can you see him thus?

L. Dain. Why, I did not bid him kill himself: but do you really think he would have done it?

L. Sad. Certainly, if I had not prevented it.

L. Dain. Strange passion! But 'tis its nature to be violent, when one makes it despair.

L. Sad. Won't you speak to him?

L. Dain. No, but if your——is enough concerned to be his friend, you may tell him—not that it really is so—but you may say—you believe I pity him.

L. Sad. Sure love was never more ridiculous on both sides.

Enter WISHWELL.

Wish. Madam, here's a page from Prince Alexander desires to give a letter into your ladyship's own hands.

L. Dain. Prince Alexander! what means my heart? I come to him.

L. Sad. By no means, madam, pray let him come in.

Care. Ha! Prince Alexander! nay, then I have found out the secret of this coldness, madam.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, his Royal Highness Prince Alexander, my master, has commanded me, on pain of death, thus [*Kneeling.*] to deliver this, the burning secret of his heart.

L. Dain. Where is the Prince?

Page. Reposed in private on a mourning pallat, 'till your commands vouchsafe to raise him.

L. Sad. By all means, receive him here immediately. I have the honour to be a little known to his highness.

L. Dain. The favour, madam, is too great to be resisted: pray tell his highness then, the honour of the visit he designs me, makes me thankful and impatient! huh! huh! [*Exit Page.*

Care. Are my sufferings, madam, so soon forgot then! Was I but flattered with the hope of pity?

L. Dain. The happy have whole days, and those they choose. [*Resenting.*] The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose. [*Exit repeating.*

L. Sad. Don't you lose a minute then.

Care. I'll warrant you—ten thousand thanks, dear madam, I'll be transformed in a second———

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter CLARINDA *in a Man's habit.*

Clar. So! I'm in for't now! how I shall come off I cann't tell: 'twas but a bare saving game I made with Clerimont; his resentment had brought my pride to its last legs, dissembling; and if the poor man had not loved me too well, I had made but a dismal humble figure—I have used him ill, that's certain, and he may e'en thank himself for't—he would be sincere—Well, (begging my sex's pardon) we do make the silliest tyrants——we had better be reason-

able; for (to do them right) we don't run half the hazard in obeying the good sense of a lover; at least, I'm reduced now to make the experiment—— Here they come.

Enter Sir SOLOMON *and* CLERIMONT.

Sir Sol. What have we here! another captain? If I were sure he were a coward now, I'd kick him before he speaks——Is your business with me, sir?

Clar. If your name be Sir Solomon Sadlife.

Sir Sol. Yes, sir, it is; and I'll maintain it as ancient as any, and related to most of the families in England.

Clar. My business will convince you, sir, that I think well of it.

Sir Sol. And what is your business, sir?

Clar. Why, sir——You have a pretty kinswoman, called Clarinda.

Cler. Ha!

Sir Sol. And what then, sir?——Such a rogue as t'other. [*Aside.*

Clar. Now, sir, I have seen her, and am in love with her.

Cler. Say you so, sir?—I may chance to cure you of it. [*Aside.*

Clar. And to back my pretensions, sir, I have a good fifteen hundred pounds a year estate, and am, as you see, a pretty fellow into the bargain.

Sir Sol. She that marries you, sir, will have a choice bargain indeed.

Clar. In short, sir, I'll give you a thousand guineas to make up the match.

Sir Sol. Hum—[*Aside.*]—But, sir, my niece is provided for.

Cler. That's well! [*Aside.*

Sir Sol. But if she were not, sir, I must tell you, she is not to be caught with a smock-face and a feather, sir——And——and——let me see you an hour hence. [*Aside.*

Clar. Well said, uncle! [*Aside.*]——But, sir, I'm in love with her, and positively will have her.

Sir Sol. Whether she likes you or no, sir?

Clar. Like me! ha, ha! I'd fain see a woman that dislikes a pretty fellow, with fifteen hundred pounds a year, a white wig, and black eye-brows.

Cler. Hark, you, young gentleman, there must go more than all this to the gaining of that lady.

[*Takes* Clarinda *aside.*

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*] A thousand guineas—that's five hundred more than I proposed to get of Mr. Clerimont——But my honour is engaged——Ay, but then here's a thousand pounds to release it—Now, shall I take the money?—It must be so—Coin will carry it.

Clar. Oh, sir, if that be all, I'll soon remove your doubts and pretensions! Come, sir, I'll try your courage.

Cler. I'm afraid you won't, young gentleman.

Clar. As young as I am, sir, you shall find I scorn to turn my back to any man

[*Exeunt* Clarinda *and* Clerimont.

Sir Sol. Ha! they are gone to fight——with all my heart—a fair chance, at least, for a better bargain: for if the young spark should let the air into my friend Clerimont's midriff now, it may possibly cool his love too, and then there's my honour safe, and a thousand guineas snug. [*Exit.*

" *Enter Lady* DAINTY, *Lady* SADLIFE, *and* CARELESS *as Prince* ALEXANDER.

" *L. Dain.* Your highness, sir, has done me ho-
" nour in this visit.

" *Care.* Madam—— [*Salutes her.*

" *L. Dain.* A captivating person!

" *Care.* May the days be taken from my life, and
" added to yours, most incomparable beauty, whiter
" than the snow that lies throughout the year un-
" melted on our Russian mountains!

" *L. Dain.* How manly his expressions are!—We
" are extremely obliged to the Czar, for not taking
" your highness home with him.

" *Care.* He left me, madam, to learn to be a ship
" carpenter.

" *L. Sad.* A very polite accomplishment!

" *L. Dain.* And in a prince entirely new.

" *Care.* All his nobles, madam, are masters of some
" useful science; and most of our arms are quartered
" with mechanical instruments, as hatchets, hammers,
" pick-axes, and hand-saws.

" *L. Dain.* I admire the manly manners of your
" court.

" *L. Sad.* Oh, so infinitely beyond the soft idleness " of ours!

" *Care.* 'Tis the fashion, ladies, for the eastern " princes to profess some trade or other. The last " Grand Signior was a locksmith.

" *L. Dain.* How new his conversation is!

" *Care.* Too rude, I fear, madam, for so tender a " composition as your divine ladyship's.

" *L. Dain.* Courtly to a softness too!

" *Care.* Were it possible, madam, that so much " delicacy could endure the martial roughness of our " manners and our country, I cannot boast; but if a " province at your feet could make you mine, that " province and its master should be yours.

" *L. Dain.* Ay, here's grandeur with address!—— " An odious native lover, now, would have com- " plained of the taxes, perhaps, and have haggled with " one for a scanty jointure out of his horrid lead " mines, in some uninhabitable mountains, about " an hundred and four-score miles from unheard-of " London.

" *Care.* I am informed, madam, there is a certain " poor, distracted English fellow, that refused to quit " his saucy pretensions to your all-conquering beauty, " though he had heard I had myself resolved to adore " you. Careless, I think they call him.

" *L. Dain.* Your highness wrongs your merit, to " give yourself the least concern for one so much be- " low your fear.

" *Care.* When I first heard of him, I on the instant

" ordered one of my retinue to strike off his head with " a scimitar; but they told me the free laws of Eng- " land allowed of no such power: so that, though I " am a prince of the blood, madam, I am obliged " only to murder him privately.

" *L. Dain.* 'Tis indeed a reproach to the ill-breed- " ing of our constitution, not to admit your power " with your person. But if the pain of my entire " neglect can end him, pray, be easy.

" *Care.* Madam, I'm not revengeful; make him " but miserable, I'm satisfied.

" *L. Dain.* You may depend upon it.

" *Care.* I'm in strange favour with her. [*Aside.*— " Please you, ladies, to make your fragrant fingers " familiar with this box.

" *L. Dain.* Sweet or plain, sir?

" *Care.* Right Mosco, madam, made of the sculls " of conquered enemies.

" *L. Sad.* Gunpowder, as I live! [*Exeunt.*"

SCENE II.

Changes to a Field. Enter CLARINDA *and* CLERIMONT.

Cler. Come, sir, we are far enough.

Clar. I only wish the lady were by, sir, that the conqueror might carry her off the spot——I warrant she'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking hero, we shall soon determine.

Clar. Not that I think her handsome, or care a rush for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, sir, to fight for a woman you don't value.

Clar. Sir, I value the reputation of a gentleman; and I don't think any young fellow ought to pretend to it, till he has talked himself into a lampoon, lost his two or three thousand pounds, at play, kept his miss, and killed his man.

Cler. Very gallant, indeed, sir! but if you please to handle your sword, you'll soon go through your course.

Clar. Come on, sir——I believe I shall give your mistress a truer account of your heart than you have done. I have had her heart long enough, and now will have yours.

Cler. Ha! does she love you, then?

[*Endeavouring to draw.*

Clar. I leave you to judge that, sir. But I have lain with her a thousand times; in short, so long, till I'm tired of it.

Cler. Villain, thou liest! Draw, or I'll use you as you deserve, and stab you.

Clar. Take this with you first, Clarinda will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the man that vindicates her honour ——therefore be quick, or I'll keep my word——I find your sword is not for doing things in haste.

Clar. It sticks to the scabbard so; I believe I did

not wipe off the blood of the last man I fought with.

Cler. Come, sir, this trifling sha'n't serve your turn —Here, give me yours, and take mine.

Clar. With all my heart, sir.——Now have at you.

[Cler. *draws, and finds only a hilt in his hand.*

Cler. Death! you villain, do you serve me so!

Clar. In love and war, sir, all advantages are fair: so we conquer, no matter whether by force or stratagem.——Come, quick, sir—your life or mistress.

Cler. Neither. Death! you shall have both or none! Here drive your sword; for only through this heart you reach Clarinda.

Clar. Death, sir, can you be mad enough to die for a woman that hates you?

Cler. If that were true, 'twere greater madness, then, to live.

Clar. Why, to my knowledge, sir, she has used you basely, falsly, ill, and for no reason.

Cler. No matter; no usage can be worse than the contempt of poorly, tamely parting with her. She may abuse her heart by happy infidelities; but 'tis the pride of mine to be even miserably constant.

Clar. Generous passion! You almost tempt me to resign her to you.

Cler. You cannot if you would. I would indeed have won her fairly from you with my sword; but scorn to take her as your gift. Be quick and end your insolence.

Clar. Yes, thus——Most generous Clerimont, you

now, indeed, have fairly vanquished me! [*Runs to him.*] My woman's follies and my shame be buried ever here.

Cler. Ha, Clarinda! Is it possible? My wonder rises with my joy!—How came you in this habit?

Clar. Now you indeed recall my blushes; but I had no other veil to hide them, while I confess'd the injuries I had done your heart, in fooling with a man I never meant on any terms to engage with. Beside, I knew, from our late parting, your fear of losing me would reduce you to comply with Sir Solomon's demands, for his interest in your favour. Therefore, as you saw, I was resolved to ruin his market, by seeming to raise it; for he secretly took the offer I made him.

Cler. 'Twas generously and timely offered; for it really prevented my signing articles to him. But if you would heartily convince me that I shall never more have need of his interest, e'en let us steal to the next priest, and honestly put it out of his power ever to part us.

Clar. Why, truly, considering the trusts I have made you, 'twould be ridiculous now, I think, to deny you any thing: and if you should grow weary of me after such usage, I cann't blame you.

Cler. *Banish that fear; my flame can never waste,*
For love sincere refines upon the taste. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir SOLOMON, *with old Mr.* WILFUL; *Lady* SADLIFE, *and* SYLVIA *weeping.*

Sir Sol. Troth, my old friend, this is a bad business indeed; you have bound yourself in a thousand pounds bond, you say, to marry your daughter to a fine gentleman, and she in the mean time, it seems, is fallen in love with a stranger.

Wilf. Look you, Sir Solomon, it does not trouble me o' this; for I'll make her do as I please, or I'll starve her.

L. Sad. But, sir, your daughter tells me that the gentleman she loves is in every degree in as good circumstances as the person you design her for; and if he does not prove himself so before to-morrow morning, she will cheerfully submit to whatever you'll impose on her.

Wilf. All sham! all sham! only to gain time. I expect my friend and his son here immediately, to demand performance of articles; and if her ladyship's nice stomach does not immediately comply with them, as I told you before, I'll starve her.

L. Sad. But, consider, sir, what a perpetual discord must a forced marriage probably produce.

Wilf. Discord! pshaw, waw! One man makes as good a husband as another. A month's marriage will set all to rights, I warrant you. You know the old saying, Sir Solomon, lying together makes pigs love.

L. Sad. [*To* Syl.] What shall we do for you? There's

no altering him. Did not your lover promise to come to your assistance?

Syl. I expect him every minute; but cann't foresee from him the least hope of my redemption.——This is he.

Enter ATALL *undisguised.*

At. My Sylvia, dry those tender eyes; for while there's life there's hope.

L. Sad. Ha! is't he? but I must smother my confusion. [*Aside.*

Wilf. How now, sir! pray, who gave you commission to be so familiar with my daughter?

At. Your pardon, sir; but when you know me right, you'll neither think my freedom or my pretensions familiar or dishonourable.

Wilf. Why, sir, what pretensions have you to her?

At. Sir, I saved her life at the hazard of my own: that gave me a pretence to know her; knowing her made me love, and gratitude made her receive it.

Wilf. Ay, sir! And some very good reasons, best known to myself, make me refuse it. Now, what will you do?

At. I cann't tell yet, sir; but if you'll do me the favour to let me know those reasons——

Wilf. Sir, I don't think myself obliged to do either;—but I'll tell you what I'll do for you: since you say you love my daughter, and she loves you, I'll put you in the nearest way to get her.

At. Don't flatter me, I beg you, sir.

Wilf. Not I, upon my soul, sir; for, look you, 'tis only this——get my consent, and you shall have her.

At. I beg your pardon, sir, for endeavouring to talk reason to you. But, to return your raillery, give me leave to tell you, when any man marries her but myself, he must extremely ask my consent.

Wilf. Before George, thou art a very pretty impudent fellow; and I'm sorry I cann't punish her disobedience, by throwing her away upon thee.

At. You'll have a great deal of plague about this business, sir; for I shall be mighty difficult to give up my pretensions to her.

Wilf. Ha! 'tis a thousand pities I cann't comply with thee. Thou wilt certainly be a thriving fellow; for thou dost really set the best face upon a bad cause, that ever I saw since I was born.

At. Come, sir, once more, raillery apart; suppose I prove myself of equal birth and fortune to deserve her.

Wilf. Sir, if you were eldest son to the Cham of Tartary, and had the dominions of the Great Mogul entailed upon you and your heirs for ever, it would signify no more than the bite of my thumb. The girl's disposed of; I have matched her already, upon a thousand pounds forfeit; and faith she shall fairly run for't, though she's yerk'd and flead from the crest to the crupper.

At. Confusion!

Syl. What will become of me?

Wilf. And if you don't think me in earnest now, here comes one that will convince you of my sincerity.

At. My father! Nay, then my ruin is inevitable.

Enter Sir HARRY ATALL.

Sir Har. [*To* At.] Oh, sweet sir! have I found you at last? Your very humble servant. What's the reason pray, that you have had the assurance to be almost a fortnight in town, and never come near me, especially when I sent you word I had business of such consequence with you.

At. I understood your business was to marry me, sir, a woman I never saw: and to confess the truth, I durst not come near you, because I was at the same time in love with one you never saw.

Sir Har. Was you so, sir? Why, then, sir, I'll find a speedy cure for your passion——Brother Wilful—Hey, fiddles there!

At. Sir, you may treat me with what severity you please; but my engagements to that lady are too powerful and fixed to let the utmost misery dissolve them.

Sir Har. What does the fool mean?

At. That I can sooner die than part with her.

Wilf. Hey!——Why, is this your son, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Hey-day!—Why, did not you know that before?

At. Oh, earth, and all you stars! is this the lady you designed me, sir?

Syl. Oh, fortune! is it possible?

Sir Har. And is this the lady, sir, you have been making such a bustle about?

At. Not life, health, or happiness are half so dear to me.

Sir Sol. [*Joining* At. *and* Sylvia's *hands.*] Loll, loll, leroll!

At. Oh, transporting joy! [*Embracing* Sylvia.

Sir Har. and Wilf. Loll! loll! [*Joining in the tune, and dancing about them.*]

Sir Sol. Hey! within there! [*Calls the fiddles.*] By jingo, we'll make a night on't!

Enter CLARINDA *and* CLERIMONT.

Clar. Save you, save you, good people—I'm glad, uncle, to hear you call so cheerfully for the fiddles; it looks as if you had a husband ready for me.

Sir Sol. Why, that I may have by to-morrow night, madam; but, in the mean time, if you please, you may wish your friends joy.

Clar. Dear Sylvia!

Syl. Clarinda!

At. Oh, Clerimont, such a deliverance!

Cler. Give you joy, joy, sir.

Clar. I congratulate your happiness, and am pleased our little jealousies are over; Mr. Clerimont has told me all, and cured me of curiosity for ever.

Syl. What, married?

Clar. You'll see presently. But, Sir Solomon, what do you mean by to-morrow? Why, do you

fancy I have any more patience than the rest of my neighbours?

Sir Sol. Why, truly, madam, I don't suppose you have; but I believe to-morrow will be as soon as their business can be done; by which time I expect a jolly fox-hunter from Yorkshire: and if you are resolved not to have patience till next day, why, the same parson may toss you up all four in a dish together.

Clar. A filthy fox-hunter!

Sir Sol. Odzooks, a mettled fellow, that will ride you from day-break to sun-set! None of your flimsy London rascals, that must have a chair to carry them to their coach, and a coach to carry them to a trapes, and a constable to carry both to the round-house.

Clar. Ay, but this fox-hunter, Sir Solomon, will come home dirty and tired as one of his hounds; he'll be always asleep before he's a-bed, and on horseback before he's awake; he must rise early to follow his sport, and I sit up late at cards for want of better diversion. Put this together, my wise uncle.

Sir Sol. Are you so high fed, madam, that a country gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds a-year won't go down with you?

Clar. Not so, sir; but you really kept me so sharp, that I was e'en forced to provide for myself; and here stands the fox-hunter for my money.

[*Claps* Cler. *on the shoulder.*

Sir Sol. How!

Cler. Even so, Sir Solomon—Hark in you ear, sir

—You really held your consent at so high a price, that, to give you a proof of my good husbandry, I was resolved to save charges, and e'en marry her without it.

Sir Sol. Hell and——

Clar. And hark you in t'other ear, sir——Because I would not have you expose your reverend age by a mistake, know, sir, I was the young spark with a smooth face and a feather, that offered you a thousand guineas for your consent, which you would have been glad to have taken.

Sir Sol. The devil!——If ever I traffic in women's flesh again, may all the bank stocks fall when I have bought them, and rise when I have sold them.——Hey-day! what have we here? more cheats?

Clar. Not unlikely, sir; for I fancy they are married.

Enter Lady DAINTY *and* CARELESS.

L. Sad. That they are, I can assure you——I give your highness joy, madam.

L. Dain. Lard, that people of any rank should use such vulgar salutations! though, methinks, highness has something of grandeur in the sound. But I was in hopes, good people, that confident fellow, Careless, had been among you.

Carc. What say you, madam, (to divert the good company) shall we send for him by way of mortification?

L. Dain. By all means; for your sake, methinks, I ought to give him full despair.

Care. Why, then, to let you see, that 'tis a much easier thing to cure a fine lady of her sickly taste, than a lover of his impudence—there's Careless for you, without the least tincture of despair about him.

[*Discovers himself.*

All. Ha, Careless!

L. Dain. Abused! undone!

All. Ha, ha!

Cler. Nay now, madam, we wish you a superior joy; for you have married a man instead of a monster.

Care. Come, come, madam; since you find you were in the power of such a cheat, you may be glad it was no greater: you might have fallen into a rascal's hands; but you know I am a gentleman, my fortune no small one, and, if your temper will give me leave, will deserve you.

L. Sad. Come, e'en make the best of your fortune; for, take my word, if the cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I would never have had a hand in't. —You must pardon me, if I cann't help laughing.

L. Dain. Well, since it must be so, I pardon all; only one thing let me beg of you, sir; that is, your promise to wear this habit one month for my satisfaction.

Care. Oh, madam, that's a trifle! I'll lie in the sun a whole summer for an olive complexion, to oblige you.

L. Dain. Well, Mr. Careless, I begin now to think better of my fortune, and look back with apprehension of the escape I have had; you have already cured my folly, and were but my health recoverable, I should think myself completely happy.

Care. For that, madam, we'll venture to save you doctor's fees;

And trust to nature: time will soon discover,
Your best physician is a favour'd lover.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, sirs, I know not how the play may pass,
But, in my humble sense—our bard's an ass;
For had he ever known the least of nature,
H' had found his double spark a dismal creature:
To please two ladies he two forms puts on,
As if the thing in shadows could be done;
The women really two, and he, poor soul! but one.
Had he revers'd the hint, h' had done the feat,
Had made th' impostor credibly complete;
A single mistress might have stood the cheat.
She might to several lovers have been kind,
Nor strain'd your faith, to think both pleas'd and blind.
Plain sense had known, the fair can love receive,
With half the pains your warmest vows can give.

But, hold!—I'm thinking I mistake the matter——
On second thoughts—The hint's but honest satire,
And only meant t' expose their modish sense,
Who think the fire of love's but impudence.
Our spark was really modest; when he found
Two female claims at once, he one disown'd;
Wisely presuming, though in ne'er such haste,
One would be found enough for him at last.

So that, to sum the whole, I think the play
Deserves the usual favours on his day;
If not, he swears he'll write the next to music,
In doggrel rhimes would make or him or you sick.
His groveling sense Italian airs shall crown,
And then he's sure ev'n nonsense will go down.
But if you'd have the world suppose the stage
Not quite forsaken in this airy age,
Let your glad votes our needless fears confound,
And speak in claps as loud for sense as sound.

THE END.